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SOUAKIN AND THE SOUDAN.

THE complete and well-managed victory which Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL has obtained at Souakin relieves the apprehensions of the timorous, and testifies to good morale in the black troops—at least, when they are led and backed by Englishmen. The fight between the Hussars and the Dervishes seems to have been a very good fight. But it does not by any means settle even the present question. The absolute necessity of giving a lesson to the Dervishes was clear to every one except that singular pair of allies, Mr. MORLEY and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, with their motley following. It was, to say the least, improbable that the besieging force, for all its daring and perseverance, could stand against a little army not much less strongly composed and very much better equipped than the armies with which in the great days of our conquest of India English generals overthrew tens and twenties of thousands. This does not in the least detract from the credit due to officers and men for the victory; and much as we may regret the amount of bloodshed, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether a less severe instruction would have done any good. But the question is, Will this lesson itself do any good; and what is to be done so that this bloodshed may be turned to that good use which alone excuses the killing of men in military operations? And to solve that question we must look behind the storm of the Dervish position to the report concerning the fate of EMIN PASHA and of Mr. STANLEY. The interest of that report continues almost unabated; but it is satisfactory to see that reflection has enforced certain considerations regarding the report itself which probably presented themselves more or less early to those acquainted with the facts. We cannot say that this new success has not attended the KHALIFA's arms. It is of the nature of Mahomedanism (witness quite recently the, for a time successful, revolt of Chinese Tartary against China) to have these renaissances, and it must be admitted that, thanks chiefly to Mr. GLADSTONE, nowhere within living memory have the followers of the Prophet met with such encouraging treatment from the infidel as in this present case. But, when we turn from general probability to positive evidence, things become different. The letter recognized by General GRENFELL would seem to be an unquestionable *pièce* as far as it goes; but how far does it go? Certainly no further than to this—that, somehow or other, by mere misadventure it may be, or by capture of a messenger, a part of Mr. STANLEY's belongings has fallen into the power of somebody who has handed it on to Khartoum. About EMIN this one piece gives no evidence whatever. About STANLEY it gives nothing certain, while Dr. FELKIN has satisfactorily explained the Snider cartridges. The worst that can be safely said is that it is by no means unlikely that the prevailing ill-luck which has most justly and poetically followed the ever-shameful and never-to-be-forgotten or forgiven policy of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues may have added these new victims to the tale. We cannot say that it has not; if it has, it is at least singular, as has been very well pointed out, that no more unquestionable evidence of Mr. STANLEY's captivity, and no evidence, questionable or unquestionable, of EMIN's captivity were sent to OSMAN DIGNA, the many-lived. It is strange, moreover, that, in a place where rumour travels fast, and where, remote as its centre is, rumour can travel by some half a dozen channels—the Uganda-Zanzibar route, the Nile, the Congo, Abyssinia, and by Darfur-Wadai to the Niger—nothing like premonitory warnings should have been heard, but, on the contrary, constant bruits as to the triumph of "the White Pasha."

But all this is uncertain. What is certain is what happens at home. We take little note of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr.

GLADSTONE (it is his only chance of escape from the heaviest bloodguiltiness that has rested on a modern statesman) knows, we are willing to believe, less about the Soudan than Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL knows. But the demand repeatedly made by Mr. MORLEY in the House of Commons that military operations at Souakin should be stopped because of this rumour about EMIN and STANLEY is a wonderful and fearful thing, and it must not lose its comment because General GRENFELL has made it ancient history. As for the debate of Monday, it can hardly be said to have added anything to the strength of the position held by Mr. JOHN MORLEY and his friend Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Mr. MORLEY entirely failed to establish any connexion between the reported disaster at Lado and the proceedings at Souakin; while Lord RANDOLPH failed to do anything at all except deliver some rather clumsy imitations of Mr. GLADSTONE's worst rhetorical tricks. Mr. GLADSTONE himself was moderate enough; but he could hardly have been otherwise without an unnecessary devouring of his own former words. Now one of Mr. GLADSTONE's chief claims to reputation is that, often as he discusses that meal, he never sits down to it without some ulterior object. As to the statement of Lord SALISBURY, of which so much was made, it is enough to say that, although Lord SALISBURY would probably not have made it if he had been rather more careful of the door of his lips than he usually is, it was a statement limited in the original by the contrast in which it was applied. Lord SALISBURY's argument was that England, not Egypt, was interested in the retention of Souakin. It is possible to demur to the last part of the proposition while holding only the more strongly to the first. But this had nothing to do with Mr. MORLEY's general argument, which, both on Saturday and Monday, was one of the strangest possible.

To begin with, did it not occur to Mr. MORLEY, who used to be a reasonable man, that, on his principles of Parliamentary interference, it would be simpler, cheaper, and every way better to disband the British army and sell the British fleet straight off? If the awful examples of the Aulic Council and the Dutch travelling Commissioners—with, if Mr. MORLEY likes it, his friends the Jacobin representatives added—are not enough to tell us what happens when soldiers are bidden to wait upon the discussions of talkers, what is? And, after all, the busybodies who checked the victories of MARLBOROUGH and brought Republican France nearly to its knees were at least on the spot, while Mr. MORLEY wants to play St. JUST at several thousand miles' distance. Secondly, did it not occur to Mr. MORLEY, who used to be a reasonable man, that it would be a very comfortable thing indeed if a belligerent could tie his enemy's hands for days by sending in ingeniously false news of some disaster elsewhere? Thirdly, did it not occur to Mr. MORLEY, who used to be a reasonable man, that, supposing the general principle of interference by debating societies with professional persons to be good, and supposing the particular *bona fides* of OSMAN DIGNA (that black man whom Mr. GLADSTONE tried so hard to kill) to be undoubted, he, Mr. MORLEY, would not have advanced one step further in the eyes of persons who not only used to be, but are, reasonable?

For what has the capture, the most lamentable capture, of EMIN and STANLEY, if it be a fact, to do with the operations round Souakin? This only—that it makes the successful prosecution of those operations infinitely more necessary, should the news be true; it means, not only that the conquering State which Mr. GLADSTONE has allowed to grow up in the centre of North Africa is securely seated on the Nile, and tending, as we know, victoriously towards the Niger, but that it has overcome the last serious obstacle which lay between it and, if not the Congo, the great lakes of the Equator. That is to say, its offensive power is enormously

increased. And let it be remembered that this power is nothing if not offensive. The prophets or successors of these recrudescences of Mahomedanism cannot make terms with the unbeliever; they cannot recognize a terminus to their extension without falsifying their own claims and hastening that cooling and collapse of zeal on the part of their followers which must lead to their own downfall. A triumph at Lado, a triumph in Wadai, means necessarily the determination of fresh Dervish or Ghazi forces (to use the terms current in different parts of the world) against the most prominent outposts of the Christian—that is to say, in this case Wady Halfa and Souakin. Mr. GLADSTONE, as he showed at Limehouse, is so utterly ignorant of the facts that he had to be prompted (too late) by Mr. MORLEY to correct a fatal misquotation from Lord SALISBURY about the importance of Souakin to England when Lord SALISBURY had spoken about its importance to Egypt. But even Mr. GLADSTONE, if he chose to attend to the inconvenient, would recognize that redoubled Dervish attacks on Wady Halfa are not matters which Egypt can neglect.

But, it is said, we must negotiate; we must do this, that, and the other. A very excellent suggestion in its way. It is also suggested that Sir EVELYN BARING gives bad advice about Egypt; and we at least have no fondness for Sir EVELYN BARING. And Mr. HOWORTH talks scornfully of KITCHENER Pasha and other English Pashas wasting English lives. KITCHENER Pasha at least has risked one English life, while Mr. HOWORTH was writing letters to the *Times* in the exposed neighbourhood of the House of Commons Library. All this talk is very idle. But is it not at least conceivable that the despised "Egyptian ring," between their knowledge that English politicians of one school will do nothing for them, and that English politicians of another will talk, amid the shells and daggers of St. Stephen's, about "English Pashas," may, like other human beings, be reduced to the doubtless contemptible, but human, policy of driving a nail where it will go, and asking for no more than they think they can get? Let us, for heaven's sake, clear our minds of the abominable cant which seems, after eating up the Radical party, to be more than nibbling at the Tories. It will never be a quiet world in Egypt or in North-East Africa till England, or somebody else, has re-established a civilized power at Khartoum. That is as certain as that the sun rose yesterday, and considerably more certain than that the sun will rise to-morrow. If EMIN and STANLEY have been captured, it is because we would not recognize this certainty; if OSMAN DIGNA is not in the grave to which Mr. GLADSTONE for years sought to send him, it is for the same reason. General GRENFELL has smitten the Dervishes hip and thigh, which is excellent. Mr. HOWORTH is anxious for the Souakin-Berber railway—a capital thing in its way. Others want the Niger Company, from the other side of Africa, to reach a hand to the Equatorial Provinces—a capital thing, too, though one which will not be done this year or the next. Mr. MACKENZIE'S Association wants to settle and civilize the country between Mombassa and the Ripon Falls—nothing could be better. But all these things will be useless, and all are unlikely, if not impossible, of accomplishment unless England, either directly or through Egypt, establishes her command on the upper waters of the Nile. That is the beginning and the end of the whole matter. That done, everything else will follow; that left undone, as, from Lord SALISBURY'S Scarborough speech, seems too likely to be the case, nothing else will be of any good.

MR. GLADSTONE IN LONDON.

SOME years ago Mr. GLADSTONE persuaded himself that the political opinion and the political desires of London were of no account. Undeniably, the population of the metropolitan district was a very considerable one. Taken altogether, it nearly equalled in number the population of Ireland; while no discerning eye could fail to see in it every variety of class, of character, of calling, of cultivation. But the eye of Mr. GLADSTONE is brilliant with a light that shines inward rather than on things without; and, since it was borne in upon him day by day that London Society and the London Clubs were hostile to him, all he could see in London was Society and the Clubs. But the Clubs are gossiping and scandalous; Society is frivolous; and so he came to believe that the population of this vast capital is but a collection of empty-headed creatures, without earnestness, without intelligence, and with barely wit enough

to mock the wise men that come from the North. That the prophet-breeding North would ever convert the South he despaired of at an early date; but he could permit himself to hope that it would be overcome, overridden, spurned aside by the raging yet long-suffering intellect of upper England. In this hope also Mr. GLADSTONE has been disappointed. Amongst other things upset in the more recent conflicts of our time was the belief that "what Lancashire thinks to-day London will think to-morrow"; Lancashire standing in name for the whole hard-headed North. But it presently appeared that, so far as Mr. GLADSTONE was concerned, the process of conversion had been working the other way. What London thought of that statesman ten years earlier had now become the dominant opinion all the country over—North, South, East, and West—wherever intelligence and education exist at all. In London he was first found out. In London his great gifts were first discovered to be, one and all, those of the "brilliant amateur." In London he was first seen and declared to be Egotist above everything else that was of him and in him. And though we cannot boast many of them perhaps, yet in London there were men who detected in him, some time before their development, all the astounding qualities of evil that since 1885 have completed his own ruin, while they have added to the many troubles and humiliations inflicted on his country in his riper years.

It is said that he is unaware of such things; but, even in dealing with a man who habitually soars above or sinks below the realm of reasonable inference, we cannot suppose him ignorant any longer that the thought and word of London are not to be despised. Or, if he remains in that delusion, there are men about him who find themselves outside of it; men who have persuaded him to bow the head, and pass under London gates, and be winsome where he used to scorn. Of course there were certain new and easy means of persuasion. "London and its environs" have many representatives in Parliament nowadays. With the multiplication of constituencies it is more easy to appeal to little masses of ignorance which poverty impressions and which any calculating demagogue with the "gift of the gab" may easily delude. Moreover, the new scheme of government for London offers fresh opportunities for subversion; and, though in the common order of things a general election is still far off, it is always coming nearer, and within the last month we have had a distant view of accidents that might prove disturbing to the present occupants of power. Mr. GLADSTONE was well advised, then, in going down to Limehouse—at some distance from Society and the Clubs—to try his own ingenuous arts on the commonsense of London. But whether he had much of a success is very doubtful. London is a gulf of drowning for great personalities, as the returned Indian "satrap" knows who wanders unrecognized even in Pall Mall; and the subject—if the Gladstone Family will allow us to use the word in this connexion—who organizes processions for himself in London City may find his august person the centre of a fizzle like unto that of a damp catharine-wheel. Some such fate attended Mr. GLADSTONE on Saturday last; and, though the result may be set down to fog in some measure, it is also to be accounted for by the other thing. And then he began his speech badly. Considering the street-Arab origin of the district visited, the complaint with which Mr. GLADSTONE began his oration was ill chosen, if he wished to solemnize the assembly, to melt it to the pathetic mood and draw upon its tears. That was what he meant to do, no doubt, when he painted a full-length picture of his sufferings on the front bench of Opposition; he, the sensitive one, a being lost without sympathy, shrinking from the antagonisms that stream from the very elbows of violent men, compelled to crush against Lord HARTINGTON, and afraid to turn his head lest he meet the stony countenance of FINLAY. A woe like that is laughable at Limehouse, and yet to Limehouse its aromatic pains were first made known. Obviously, the confidence should have been reserved for a mass-meeting of the Liberal ladies who have formed themselves into a Society antidotal to the Primrose League. Again, though Mr. GLADSTONE may not think it, what he had to say about the indestructible loyalty of Ireland to English rule couldn't go down with such an audience; and when he proved that there is no religious animosity in Ireland by the fact that, whenever Catholicism fails to supply a first-rate agitator, Irishmen are content to follow such gifted Protestants as Mr. PARSELL, our logician underrated the intelligence of the persons he addressed.

The same East-End sharpness may also be trusted to understand why Mr. GLADSTONE desires more frequent opportunity for Midlothian campaigners and old Parliamentary hands; though it may be feared that few amongst his listeners were capable of comprehending all the audacity of the assertion that the Irish members have shown "remarkable forbearance" this Session. As for the legislative programme which he repeated after Mr. MORLEY, it fell very flat at the Limehouse meeting, for two sufficient reasons: the reciter made it quite clear that he had no personal interest in the programme, and its promises comprised nothing that any man could put in his pocket. So much must be said to Mr. GLADSTONE's credit; though from a letter since written to certain unemployed working-men who addressed him on the subject, it seems that he had to be reminded that "much real and severe distress exists in this vast and wealthy metropolis"; further it appears, according to his own avowal, that he has yet to study this distress before he can say anything about it. Being in that state of ignorance, he did not understand that Limehouse was not likely to be "enthused" much by promises of Disestablishment for Wales or the blessings conveyed in the principle of "one man one vote." He ought to have known better, as a political student, if not as a friend of the people; but since he did not, we have an additional reason for doubting whether much was done on Saturday to "capture" London for the Gladstonians.

CRITICS AND PLAYS.

LITERATURE is so entirely out of fashion that it is really difficult to get up a spirited rally between critics and authors. Hardly any one attacks anybody, and, even if people are assailed, they have acquired a mean habit of taking no notice, than which nothing can be more insolent and provoking. The modern reviewer, as a rule, contents himself with a *précis* of the author's preface, and then he leaves him with a jolly unaffected indifference to his topic, his book, his style, and everything that is his. But the modern critic of plays is another man. He can still slash, and can still cry "Yah!" Nor is the modern playwright an altered character. He does not "take it lying down," as Colonel QUAGG recommended the young but athletic missionary to do. He takes it fighting. Mr. GILBERT has been taking it fighting with Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, whose expressed opinion of *Brantingham Hall* is not favourable. In this combat, perhaps, the calm eye of the philosopher will detect more of the wrong on Mr. GILBERT's side. For what an advantage does he not throw away by saying anything whatever about his critic? While an author is silent he occupies a position like that of the Scotch on the hill above the Tilt. But when from his mountain height Mr. GILBERT, like the Northern host, doth rushing come to meet his adversary on the level of the newspapers, he exposes himself needlessly to the chance of defeat. It is undignified to say that one won't "play any more," or rather that one won't write serious drama any more. What would any person think of a novelist who had various topics and styles, and who, failing to please his critics in one of them, vowed publicly that he would never write again about theology, or social science, or shooting elephants, or any of the other matters which novelists do write about? That novelist would give himself away. But he does not. The smitten novelist suffers, and is strong; so does the poet. Lord TENNYSON has not called heaven and earth and the Styx, the direst oath of the immortal gods, to witness that he will write no more *Promises of May*. Yet not less than Mr. GILBERT, but perhaps more, has he been tempted. We do not marvel at Mr. GILBERT's annoyance, but we do regret that he has descended from the cold heights and crystal crown of silence.

The truth is, that critics of plays are not always urbane. They are a peculiar people. There is the ideal whippersnapper, who generally begins by insulting a writer who is not the writer of the play he is reviewing, and by sneering at "second-class suburbs." Is Hampstead a suburb of the first class; and what about Dulwich? There is the critic, like M. JULES LEMAITRE, who has a favourite antipathy. M. LEMAITRE's is M. GEORGES OHNET. We admit that M. OHNET's success is confoundingly provoking, and the worst of it is that it lasts. But the conscience of M. LEMAITRE, in his third volume of *Impressions de Théâtre*, smites him. He knows that he cannot stand M. OHNET; he knows that exasperation is not a critical mood. So he really tries his

best not to attack *La Grande Marnière*; and he gives almost all his space to the scene-painting. He is not quite successful in curbing the old man within him, far from quite successful; but he really does try, and this is creditable.

All critics are tempted like M. LEMAITRE. We all have our poet whom we think a twaddling moralist in tame verse; our scientific antipathy; our novelist who drives us, if we will let him, into howls of scarcely articulate indignation. We do all err, and have no right to throw the first stone at anybody, and therefore we shall throw no stone at Mr. *Punch*. The missile might break glass walls. But we may venture to put it to Mr. *Punch* whether he is good-natured and chivalrous in his treatment of this play of Mr. GILBERT's? Christmas-time is coming on; and, out of the multitude of literary dislikes which we all own, might we not drop one or two? Is Mr. *Punch*'s joke about the S, Mr. W. S. GILBERT's second initial, good enough, and good-natured enough, to be served up in two consecutive numbers? "In answer to numerous inquiries, the first initial in W. S. GILBERT's name does stand for WILLIAM; but the second, the S, does not stand for SHAKESPEARE." This is very good, "very neat and good"; but, when we have once laughed and applauded, do we feel eager to applaud and laugh again? Mr. *Punch* appears to think so; for, speaking of the revival of *Macbeth* and of Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, he makes that musician say, "What a difference there is in writing for 'W. S.'—'WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'—without the G." Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and the world in general, have every reason to be delighted with the results of writing for "W. G." The Gaiety of Nations—poor old phrase for a poor depressed old mood—has many a time been stimulated by Sir ARTHUR in combination with W. G. Mr. *Punch* knows this, he cannot help knowing it, and he, whose part it is to conduct the great concert of laughter, has no business to snap at W. S. G. "Hawks do not pyke out hawk's eyne," nor should merry men bang each other with their baubles. Above all, there is little sport in a struggle between two wearers of the motley, where one does all the hitting, and the other does not even lift his weapon.

These didactic remarks will probably do nobody much good; for this is the manner of all sermons—Christmas sermons and others—whether addressed to critics, or authors, or the general public. We are all miserable literary sinners, and shall be no better after Christmas than before. And yet it does not seem very difficult to abstain from a particular kind of joke which is not good-humoured; from a peculiar description of personal punning which has more of pantomime than comedy in its merriment. There is one tone in criticism which probably the public does not admire—the tone of being pleased at an author's failure. This always must sound like a hint that the critic is not overjoyed by his success.

THE SERVIAN ELECTIONS.

THE grave significance of the Servian elections can escape, and indeed has escaped, no competent observer. That the Servian "Radical" party has obtained not merely a majority, but an overwhelming majority, in Parliament would, in what is facetiously called a thoroughly constitutional country, be of no very vital importance. The KING would change his Ministers, some details of policy would be altered, and even if the worst came to the worst, there would be the same kind of amicable deadlock as has prevailed for many years in, for instance, Denmark, without producing any very terrible result. But it has been only too sufficiently shown in the course of the last half-century or so that constitutional countries are not to be created, if they are to be created at all, in a day. There is still, it seems, sufficient optimism niching itself in a few cheerful hearts to make these hearts believe that the Servian Radicals will be "moderate." But the balance of opinion inclines to the supposition that they will not be moderate at all. A dynastic change of OBRENOVICH for KARAGEORGEVICH—that is to say, of a fairly independent sovereign for a mere tool of Russia—is the least that is feared; the worst may be painted very nearly as black as any pessimist chooses. It has, of course, always been obvious that the disturbance which has lately been made about King MILAN's management of his domestic arrangements was not prompted by disinterested sympathy for the tears flowing from the fine eyes of a termagant. Sympathy with the ex-Queen NATALIE has

been merely a lever for working on the religious and other prejudices of the electors, their remembrance of the not very fortunate—perhaps, it may be said, the not particularly heroic—part played by the KING in the Bulgarian war, the old party feelings of the KARAGEORGEVICH faction, and so forth. It would appear that the lever has been worked very successfully so far, and it is hardly necessary to say that it has now been exchanged for a much stronger one in the shape of a vast and disaffected majority in the Skuptschina.

Mr. GLADSTONE never speaks on foreign policy without betraying his incurable and apparently congenital ignorance of that subject. But in his speech at Limehouse the other day he surpassed himself in this respect. The reference to the dangers “arising, as in the case of Servia, from the “strange pranks new-fangled rulers choose to play in the “face of Europe”; the statement that it was “not the “people of France who produced the war of 1870,” to which might be added, from a later speech in Parliament itself, the characteristic reference to the Ionian Islands, are all very interesting. The last is, of course, a matter on which there are still differences of opinion; but we should be disposed to be confident in the verdict of a mixed jury of soldiers, sailors, and statesmen of the highest class on the question whether, in any conceivable new phase of the Eastern question for the future, and in that particular phase of it which occurred ten years ago in the past, the possession of Corfu would not have been, and would not be, valuable, or rather invaluable, to England. With respect to 1870, though Mr. GLADSTONE’s “produce” may be formally justifiable, it is absolutely incorrect to suggest that the French people were not at the outset in favour of the war, though, no doubt, when they found how disastrously it was going, they chose to throw all the blame on the EMPEROR. But it is the statement about Servia which is most amusing and most erroneous. That Mr. GLADSTONE, who has done as much as any man in Europe to substitute these “new-fangled” sovereignties (we accept and endorse the word very heartily) for old-fangled ones should speak of them by that particular epithet of contempt is very rich indeed; while his reference to the “strange pranks” would seem to show that, as of old, he goes to St. Petersburg for his political spectacles. Mr. GLADSTONE does not like divorce, and we do not blame him. But if divorces are to be granted at all, perhaps no one is so well entitled to them as a King whose wife disobeys his will, disturbs his Court, undermines and intrigues against his authority, and kidnaps, or tries to kidnap, his heir. It was King MILAN’s case against the ex-Queen that she did these things, and, however much the calm outsider may think that there was a safer way out of the difficulty, the attempt to rid oneself of an intolerable plague can hardly be called a “strange prank.”

There is, however, nothing particularly strange in Mr. GLADSTONE’s talking strangely upon a subject in respect to which his eyes are affected with incurable amaurosis and his tongue with remediless aphasia. The practical consequences of the Servian elections are of much more importance than his comments on the events preceding them, even than those events themselves. It is, of course, hardly necessary to say that, as often happens in the most apparently threatening political circumstances, nothing may happen at all, and that—still more probably—nothing may happen for a long time. To get up a feeling against Austria in Servia itself, to add to the difficulties of the at present wholly beneficent Austrian government in Bosnia, to blow (not too violently) the coals of Montenegrin intrigue, and to keep the KARAGEORGEVICH pretender “under “hand,” as the language of diplomacy very expressively calls it—these may seem sufficient present advantages to the Power which troubles the peace of Europe. To keep the Balkan Peninsula in a sufficient state of disturbance, to embroil its new-fangled rulers with one another as much as possible, to weaken Austrian outposts beyond the Danube, may be satisfying for the time. The recent loan has only tided over, not put an end to, Russia’s financial difficulties, and the present desire of her rulers would seem to be rather to keep what advantage they can, and if possible gain more by outwardly peaceful methods, than to plunge into war. To paralyse or to control Servia would, moreover, be something of a salve to the almost incurable wound inflicted on Russian pride, even more than on Russian interests, by recent events in Bulgaria, and for a time, at any rate, it might be regarded as revenge enough. Should this be so, nothing worse than

a state of affairs always lending itself to dangerous interference would immediately result.

It is, however, very evident that something much worse might result. The Balkan Peninsula has long since taken the place of Poland as the European “house smoking “through the roof,” and the alarm with which by no means fanciful or over-anxious politicians regard a fresh puff from the slates is thoroughly well justified. And Servia is, historically and logically both, by far the most dangerous part of the roof for the symptom to appear at. Bulgaria can be isolated without much difficulty, and has Roumania as a buffer State between it and the principal danger. Greece can be kept in order, if need be, by the maritime Powers. But Servia cannot be got at except by Austria, and armed interference by that Power would probably precipitate the general war; she has large and vague claims southwards of that precious historico-ethnological kind which the special demon of the nineteenth century has invented to plague mankind, and from the mere fact of her central situation she is most likely to spread the conflagration. The new political situation makes it as easy as possible to strike the match. For, whether the KING resists the proposal to adopt a Ministry conformable to the opinions of the majority of the Skuptschina, or whether, giving in on that point, he sets himself to thwart the action of that Ministry, possibilities of actual outbreak become equally close. When some of those who discuss the future say that the KING could probably rely on the army, and others triumphantly reply that he certainly could not, these dangers become still more obvious. The best thing to be hoped is that King MILAN will put himself completely under the advice of Vienna, where the situation is thoroughly understood, and where there is quite statesmanship enough to direct him. The opposite expedient of throwing himself into the arms of Russia is practically impossible, and that is the lucky side of the personal and dynastic turn which Russian intrigue has chosen to give to Servian politics. If MILAN is strong enough to hold his place, he has no need of Russia, and if he is not, Russia has no need of him, besides having already practically pledged herself against him.

MONTHLY THEOSOPHY.

THERE may be some people who are not acquainted with the existence of a monthly magazine called *Lucifer*. It costs one shilling and sixpence (which is a good deal); it is published in London by the Theosophical Publishing Company, Lim., and at Boston by the Occult Publishing Company; it is “edited by H. P. BLAVATSKY and MABEL COLLINS”; and it has a picture outside of a bluish boy seen against a black sky, depending by his right hand from a star which looks like the handle of a broken parachute; while he is scratching his head with his left hand, and apparently contemplating with philosophical disgust his imminent descent upon nothing in particular.

It would appear from the editorial article with which the current number of *Lucifer* begins that Theosophy in England is in a bad way. “We tremble at the thought that, unless “many of our ways and customs in the Theosophical Society “at large are amended or done away with, *Lucifer* will one “day have to expose many a blot on our own scutcheon—e.g. “worship of Self, uncharitableness, and sacrificing to one’s “personal vanity the welfare of other Theosophists—more “fiercely” than it has ever denounced the various shams “and abuses of power in State Churches and Modern Society.” This is awful, and our apprehensions are increased when we learn that among Theosophists those “who have preserved “only a skin-deep interest (if any), a lukewarm sympathy “for the movement,” actually “constitute the majority in “England.” Of all the ways and customs of these backsliders, the most unnatural, the most incomprehensible, and the one most urgently requiring to be amended or done away with, is a way or custom of not subscribing to *Lucifer*. “It has now become a matter of Theosophical “sophistical statistics that more than two-thirds of its “subscribers are non-theosophists.” The inference is not expressly drawn; but it cannot be otherwise than very terrible.

It is in order to save *Lucifer* from the hideous necessity of having to blot his own scutcheon, and in the hope of driving back into the fold some of those ninety and nine lost sheep of the Theosophical Society, that we take this opportunity of indicating some of our contemporary’s merits.

We have already adverted to the picture on the cover, which is worth the money by itself. But the contents are worthy of it. There is a delightful story, begun in October and concluded this month, called "Was He Mad?" We may hasten to relieve all anxiety by saying that he was—or at any rate is, for he is left at the end safely locked up in a lunatic asylum and convinced that he is a beheaded canary. He is, in fact, nothing more than a Professor—it does not appear of what—who understood all about the fourth dimension, and was able to take a stuffed canary out of an air-tight glass case without moving the glass or letting in the air. So they ran him in. There is another truly affecting tale of a bad woman who died, after being frightfully haunted and bedevilled during her life. So she was buried, and had a tomb put up, and the house immediately caught fire, and the tomb was burnt. Then they put up another tomb, and read a service over it, and while they were doing so the trees in the neighbourhood hissed, whistled, and laughed in the most "bad and disagreeable" manner. This second tomb had a bronze cross on the top; and there came a thunderstorm, and the cross was knocked off by lightning. But there was also inscribed the lady's name, which was ACSENIA CUPRIANOVA SEDMINSKA. And that same flash of lightning knocked off all the letters except the first two of ACSENIA, the first two and the fourth of CUPRIANOVA, and the first three of SEDMINSKA. Which spell Accursed. "This coincidence," observes VERA JELIHOVSKY, the author, "was stranger than all." But it was stranger still, to our thinking, that the lightning should have spoken English when the defunct sinner was some kind of Pole. The same number of *Lucifer* also contains a "Dialogue between the Two Editors" (other journals with Two Editors please copy; it would be great fun sometimes), wherein H. P. B. kindly explains to M. C. all about Shells, and Spooks, and Threefold Astral Bodies, and Elementary Shadows, and the like. Now, can any one lay his hand on his Shell, and say it is not worth while to subscribe to *Lucifer*? Write up, ladies and gentlemen, and all write at once, or the opportunity may pass away, in which case it is not at all likely to recur.

FRANCE.

IT is undeniable that the bankruptcy of the Panama Canal Company has as yet not produced all the effect it was expected to have. The full extent of the disaster may not have been realized nor all hope completely lost. When the shareholders do thoroughly understand that their money is gone beyond all hope of recovery their anger may be more noisily expressed. Still every day which passes without a panic is something gained, and makes it more probable that the misfortune will be patiently borne. If the shareholders realize the extent of their loss by degrees, they will be the less likely to be provoked by it into any sudden explosion of temper. The causes of their present quietude would seem to be primarily their unshaken confidence in M. DE LESSEPS, and then their inability to believe that the Government will leave so many deserving persons in the lurch. Their loyalty to the speculator who has misled them would appear extraordinary, if we had not abundant evidence that no excess of mismanagement will deprive some leaders of the confidence of their followers. What it is which enables some men to inspire some others with a frenetic degree of devotion may, perhaps, be some day discovered in the progress of science. For the present all we know is, that some few men have it, and M. DE LESSEPS is obviously one of them. There are still tens of thousands of Frenchmen who believe that he will and must win, just as some hundreds of thousands of like-minded Englishmen hold the faith that another conspicuous person, who has just had his Panama Canal scheme, must one day come out first. *Credo quia impossibile* is the formula of both these churches. In the French case the fanaticism has its advantages. If the shareholders of the Company believe firmly that M. DE LESSEPS can save them, they will be less inclined to clamour for the help of somebody else. The longer they wait in hope, the easier will it finally be to persuade them to remain quiet for good.

To a considerable extent this confidence in M. DE LESSEPS is due to the belief that, sooner or later, he will induce Government to come to his assistance in some effectual way. It would seem that the shareholders have persuaded themselves that, because he was helped through with the Suez

Canal, he will be helped through in Panama. Even educated Frenchmen are, as a rule, so little acquainted with the condition of foreign countries that they do not realize the difference between Egypt and Central America. They are probably not aware that the Suez Canal was made largely by the help of the Khedive and by forced labour, and that there is no Khedive and no forced labour in Central America. Neither, obviously, have they ever realized the immense difference between the two enterprises as mere pieces of engineering. Their theory is that, as M. DE LESSEPS was helped by Government influence for the honour and glory of France before, so he will be aided again; and they do not understand that, were the will ever so good, the help cannot be given. The fate of the Bill which M. FLOQUET introduced in his anxiety to show sympathy with the shareholders, and the Bill itself, ought to awaken them from their delusion. The Chamber showed a degree of firmness and common sense hardly to be expected from it by promptly rejecting a measure which, while it could not have done the shareholders any good, would have made the State partially, at least, responsible for the Company. M. FLOQUET did not propose to do more than exempt the Company from the liability to pay interest for the next quarter. This did not directly impose any liability on the State; but, as was shown unanswerably, it would have done so indirectly. Having once intervened, the Government would have been expected to intervene again, and on the next occasion it would have been expected to do something effectual. The Chamber was thoroughly justified in cutting short a policy which might have such compromising results. In the meantime the shareholders may, if it is any consolation to them, remember that M. FLOQUET's Bill could have done them no good. For the next quarter they would have lost their interest in any case, and there is nothing to show that the Company will be in a better position at the end of three months than it is now. All the schemes, more or less frantic, proposed for the relief of the Company have this much in common, that they can do nothing for the old shareholders. A gigantic lottery—if the Chambers permitted one to be held—might raise money enough to carry the works on for a time; but it would not pay interest on the old shares. The formation of a new Company would have precisely the same result. It is perfectly clear that the money of the shareholders, 60,000,000*l.* or thereabouts, or at least the major part of it, is irrecoverably lost. There is sympathy for them in abundance. The care which the chiefs of the *Crédit Foncier* have taken to clear themselves of any suspicion of hostility to the Company shows how eager all Frenchmen are to be known to be right-minded in this respect. But at the end of all possible proposals it is always found that the old shareholders must go without their money, or at best with a vague hope of obtaining something undefined at some uncertain future time. When the unfortunate victims of M. DE LESSEPS's over-confidence and their own confiding ignorance have reflected, they ought to see that Government cannot help them. The one effectual thing it could do would be to undertake the payment of interest on shares; but not even General BOULANGER proposes to do that. He describes the vote of the Chamber as deplorable, and talks of the duty of Government to help the "great Frenchman" and his great enterprise. Much of this kind of declamation may be heard elsewhere, and from people who have not the General's very intelligible motive for talking hazy nonsense; but nobody explains what it is the Government is to do. Its sin has been to be too tender to the Company already.

When M. DE LESSEPS first applied for leave to issue a lottery, the Government made inquiries into the condition of the Canal works, which induced it to refuse to introduce a Bill; but it never published its knowledge. Regard for the great Frenchman and tenderness for the shareholders were the motives for its reticence. It held its tongue, and the result has been that many fresh dupes have suffered. The Chamber gave permission for the lottery on the motion of a private member, from just the same motives, and because they were threatened with the wrath of voters, and with the same result. Up to a week or two ago all France seemed to be in the same state of mind as M. DE LESSEPS—equally determined to hope against hope, equally resolute to shut their eyes to evidence, equally obstinate in adhering to the frantic expectation that something would turn up in the nick of time. Now that the inevitable has come, however, the least the Chamber can do is to insist that there shall be no more suppressions of the

truth, and that France must "cut its losses." It is certainly not bound to listen any more to M. DE LESSEPS's declamatory patriotism. He has launched a speculative enterprise, and failed. On the showing of his friends he was ignorant of the nature of the work he was undertaking until he had induced others to risk their money on it; and then he not only conducted it in defiance of all sound business principles, but bolstered it up by misrepresentations. There is no reason why he should be treated differently to others of the race of MERCADET. It does not appear that M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR insisted on the long, equivocal encouragement given to the Company. It would have been an excellent item in the list of accusations which has been suddenly put under M. FLOQUET's nose in the Senate. Perhaps M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR reflected that all Ministries of late years have been equally to blame, and his own friends as much as others. Yet that can hardly have weighed much on him, or else he would have abstained from speaking even the good words he spoke. His speech was abundantly eloquent and full of truth; but we are afraid that it will have little effect beyond reminding a somewhat astonished world that M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR is still alive. For, after all, what was it that he had to say? Only that, if Frenchmen were not so extreme in sect and faction, if they could compromise without surrendering essentials, or stand firm without also insisting on every jot and tittle of their claims, if there were less fussy self-assertion and vanity among small politicians, Parliamentary institutions would not be in so much danger as they are. Very true; but, if Frenchmen had acted after M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR's standard, Parliamentary institutions might have worked there long ago. It is because Frenchmen will not do so that their Parliaments have failed.

TOUING PHILANTHROPY.

THE HOME SECRETARY, after mature consideration, has discovered, perhaps not without the assistance of his colleagues, and certainly not without the advice of the press, that the Salvation Army ought not to be aided from the resources of the State. When a Minister of the Crown has possessed himself of an obvious truth, it may seem ungracious to taunt him with his slowness in perceiving a conclusion which stared him in the face. But it is not desirable that the responsible head of a great public department should encourage, even by temporary silence, a mischievous and contagious delusion. We must admit that Mr. MATTHEWS has more often erred in the past from a too pedantic adherence to the letter of the law than from an inclination to coquet with sentimental fallacies. He now seems determined to exhaust the possible forms of error before the close of his official career. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may, perhaps, have intimated to the HOME SECRETARY that Mr. BOOTH's preposterous demand upon the resources of the Treasury could not for a moment be seriously entertained. The mouth-filling and pen-emptying phrases about the woes of the poor with which the newspapers teem and the platforms ring serve no particular purpose, except to occupy space and to waste time. It is, of course, true that the welfare of the humblest classes of the community should be the constant object of every Government, and it would be wrong to ignore the beneficial effect which mere publicity sometimes produces. The Lords' Committee on Sweating, for instance, has, according to the testimony of Mr. LAKEMAN, the well-known Inspector of Factories, brought under his notice many remediable abuses of which he was previously unaware. The misfortune of the day is that the utterance of platitudes on this momentous subject has come to be, not only employed, but recognized, as constituting a special title to be considered a benefactor of the poor. It is the quiet, unostentatious work of men and women who have no personal ends to serve, and who do not seek to advertise themselves or their labours, which really mitigates the lot of the poorest and raises the condition of the weakest. If experience has proved anything, it has proved that the direct interference of the State with charitable relief or with the conditions of the labour market injures the very people it is intended to benefit, and injures them more or less at their own expense. Parliament can do, and has done, much to diminish poverty and crime. But that result must be achieved by framing laws in accordance with sound principle and the development of trade, not by spasmodic and vicarious almsgiving. Every new outlet for British com-

merce in any quarter of the globe does more to promote the comfort of the working classes than all the relief works projected and abandoned since the creation of the world.

We have received from Mr. WILLIAM BOOTH a letter written at the "International Head-quarters" of the Salvation Army, and a curiously instructive document it is. Mr. BOOTH complains that the criticisms which we made last week upon his Memorial are based upon an "entirely erroneous supposition." The supposition thus described was that Mr. BOOTH's Memorial meant what it said. We readily acknowledge that, in the case of men accustomed to deal with language as the Salvationists deal with it, the hypothesis was a dangerous one, and it has, in fact, proved to a certain extent unsound. The mistake attributed to us by Mr. BOOTH is that he and his disciples "are proposing some charitable effort." On this occasion we shall state his proposal in his own words. "What I am chiefly 'urging at this time,' he writes, 'is that, instead of 'insulting those who are struggling on the verge of 'starvation to maintain themselves in honesty, either 'by offering them charity or sending them to the casual 'ward, arrangements should be made to enable them in 'their very worst times to pay for a decent lodging and 'comfortable food out of their scanty earnings.'" Now it is perfectly plain that for the comfortable food and the decent lodgings somebody must pay. If it is the people who eat the one and live in the other, they can do so already without the intervention of Mr. BOOTH. If it is the taxpayers, or the subscribing public, who defray either the whole or part of the expenses, how can Mr. BOOTH maintain that such contributions are not alms? The rites and ceremonies of the Salvation Army are probably not conducive to clear thinking or intelligent expression of thought. But Mr. BOOTH must have a queer kind of skull if he believes that to give a man sixpence is charity, but that to provide him with a house and a dinner below the market price is not. Mr. BOOTH's offer to the Government, repeated in his letter, is, "We will undertake 'to do the work, if you will supply or help us to the 'buildings.'" Mr. BOOTH can supply or help himself to a building on the ordinary terms, and any other terms are charitable. The Salvation Army has no claim whatever to the confidence of the public, and Mr. BOOTH does not improve his position by confused reasoning of this kind. If, as he says in his memorial, the Government of Victoria does what he asks the Government of England to do, that only illustrates the DUKE's striking prediction, recorded by Lord STANHOPE, that a Democratic Administration would be the strongest and the most tyrannical in the world. The latest information shows that there are practically no skilled labourers out of employment in London, and there can be no good reason for the intrusion of the Salvation Army into matters which are so much better conducted by more respectable agencies.

OF CIRCUIT AND THE POLICE COURTS.

IT would be too much to expect that every judge of the Queen's Bench Division, going circuit by himself, should invariably lay down the criminal law to juries with complete correctness, and judges do not in fact always do so. It is the more natural because some of them had comparatively little criminal practice when they were at the Bar. Nor have they really much opportunity of improving themselves, except such as is now going to be given to one or two of them, because under the present system they mostly travel circuit alone, and, as a rule, have not the assistance of the most eminent barristers. The Court for Crown Cases Reserved sits comparatively seldom, and then for the most part determines rather recondite points of law. On the whole, occasional judicial lapses in the country from the perfection of knowledge in criminal law are matter rather for remark than for complaint or rebuke.

Two comparatively commonplace trials for murder have taken place within the last few days—one at Warwick, before Mr. Justice CAVE; and the other at Maidstone, before Mr. Justice MATHEW. The facts in the former were that the prisoner, who was on bad terms with his wife, quarrelled with her, in the absence of witnesses, the result being that he ran away, and she was found dying in her chair, with five wounds in her head inflicted with a hatchet used for chopping wood. It could not be disputed that the prisoner had inflicted the wounds; but Mr. SODEX, who defended him, suggested that it might have been under

such circumstances as to reduce the crime to manslaughter. Mr. Justice CAVE, in accordance with good sense and the law, told the jury that killing must be presumed to be murder, unless there appeared to be positive evidence of provocation or other circumstances sufficient to reduce it to manslaughter. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to death. In the Maidstone case, which was not unlike the other, the prisoner was a woman named CHURCH, about fifty years of age. She had killed the deceased, a woman of seventy-two, by repeated blows on the head with an ordinary-sized hammer. The case seems to have been loosely got up by the prosecution, and the only eyewitness of the crime was not a very satisfactory one. The deceased woman had a day or two before the crime prosecuted CHURCH for using obscene language, and the magistrates had fined the latter five shillings. It was suggested for the defence that perhaps the deceased had taunted CHURCH with her conviction, and perhaps there had been a mutual struggle, and perhaps CHURCH had snatched up the first weapon that came handy, and inflicted the wounds of which the other died. Mr. Justice MATHEW in his summing-up entirely adopted the hypothetical defence, of which there was no tittle of evidence, said nothing about the presumption that killing is murder, and upon the conviction of CHURCH sentenced her to no more than fifteen months' imprisonment with hard labour for a most brutal assault, resulting fatally, and committed with a hammer which, when used again and again on the head of a woman of over seventy, could not be considered as otherwise than a deadly weapon. This defective statement of law and this scandalous leniency contrast unfavourably with the charge of Mr. Justice CAVE; but the latter was not wholly unobjectionable. It had been suggested that NICHOLSON, the prisoner at Warwick, was drunk, and Mr. Justice CAVE is reported to have said, "Drunkenness may in some cases 'reduce the crime to manslaughter, if the prisoner is so 'drunk as not to know what he is doing; but mere excitement from drink is not sufficient." We should very much like to know Mr. Justice CAVE's authority for the first part of this sentence. No doubt, if a man who was helplessly intoxicated staggered against another, and knocked him down, whereby he was killed, it would not be murder; but it is probable that in such a case the push would not be the prisoner's act, and that he would not be guilty of felony at all. Short of this, drunkenness would make no difference. If one man shoots another, aiming at him intentionally, and kills him, that is murder, though the criminal may be so drunk as to know nothing of what he is doing, and remember nothing of it afterwards. Mr. Justice CAVE's doctrine is full of dangerous possibilities, and it is to be hoped that it will not be repeated.

A less serious matter engaged Mr. D'EYNCOURT's attention at the Westminster Police Court on Tuesday. A drayman, who had been three months in hospital, stated that his wife had taken advantage of his enforced absence to give him a cause of action in the Divorce Division of the High Court, and he wanted relief from his marriage bonds. He was told that he must go to the High Court, and that it would cost him 10*l*. He signified that the 10*l*. was as great an obstacle to him as the 1,700*l*. was to Mr. Justice MAULE's famous bigamist, and left the Court in despair. It certainly ought to be possible to get a divorce, when the facts are admitted, at a lower figure; but it does not clearly appear why he was not advised to sue as a pauper, and if these lines should meet his eye, he is welcome to the suggestion.

A propos of police courts, this week has witnessed an event of much interest to the criminal classes and to their natural enemies the public. Mr. POLAND has taken silk. Everybody honest who has to do with that junior counsel to the Treasury, who has been described as the "imp," or lesser "devil," will be glad of any recognition of Mr. POLAND's eminence and very sorry to lose him.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

NOTHING can be more reasonable than that the Civil Servants should collect at reasonable intervals and sing their own praises. The case justifies the blowing of the trumpet; for, though the Service is, no doubt, entitled to the honour given to the Grand Compounder before the sublimest of practical jokes destroyed this, yet it is too probable that it would not receive its rights. There is a tradition—a tolerably old one—which requires that whoever speaks of the Civil Servants should take it for granted

that there are too many of them, that they do too little, and are paid too much. The victims of these jokes may very properly come forward in proper time and place to contradict them. They were particularly fortunate last Wednesday in securing the services of so efficient and judicious a trumpeter as Mr. GOSCHEN. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER praised the Service for the right things and in the right spirit. He was justified, considering the occasion, in complaining of the grumbling of the public, though it was a waste of energy on his part. The public always has grumbled, and always will. Neither does it see any reason why it should not. Mr. GOSCHEN wondered why the nation allows its household, as he calls it, to be criticized by strangers—a provocation not to be endured in private life. But the cases are hardly parallel. The criticisms come in this case from the employer; and, although a man may dislike to hear complaints of his cook from a guest, he has seldom any objection to growl at her himself. Besides, the master of the house has a familiar complaint here. It is that his old and faithful servants, like all members of that much-praised body, though they do their work well, persist in doing it their own way.

Though it does grumble, the nation knows that it is well served in the main. The proof of its confidence is that it almost yearly adds to the number of its offices and its clerks. The remedy for every ill now is more Government inspection, and it is growing, not diminishing, in popularity. For the rest, too, the Civil Servants need not complain of their position too bitterly. If they do not reach such prizes as successful members of the Bar, popular doctors, or lucky merchants, they have what no profession can give—which is security. And those prizes are very few. How many barristers become Attorney-General? how many doctors make 15,000*l*. a year? how many men of business gain large fortunes—and, finally, how many Civil Servants would have come to the front rank in the scramble of a profession or trade? The Civil Servant at least knows that accident or failing health need not mean ruin to him as it might to the lawyer or doctor. He has a first claim on the revenue for as long as he lives. But, although the Civil Servant is not altogether an object of pity, he is fully entitled to be thanked for the good work he does. The qualities which Mr. GOSCHEN praised him for showing are, indeed, the very essentials of good service, public or private. Readiness to do extra work at a pinch, absolute loyalty to the office and to fellow-servants, with "discretion," as Mr. GOSCHEN insisted at some length, are indispensable qualities. There is, in spite of occasional growling, no doubt in the public mind that they are to be found in the national offices. That one of them which is in most danger in these days is the very discretion which Mr. GOSCHEN selected as the most necessary. Our faculty for holding our tongues is apparently in more danger of disappearing than our power to work. The anonymity of a public office is in favour of the continuance of the virtue, but everything else in these times is against it. Public offices do well to insist on it as the first of virtues, and to punish the want of it as severely as they can. There are, it is true, few reasons for thinking that Civil Servants have yielded to the prevailing vice of the time. Mr. GOSCHEN and M. WADDINGTON were thoroughly well justified in insisting on the immense service rendered by the departments in supplying continuity of administration. We do not know whether M. WADDINGTON's countrymen will be pleased by the extreme frankness of his remarks on the effects of Ministerial instability in France, but he was certainly in the right. If it were not that the Bureaux remain while the Ministers are changed, it would be impossible to conduct the affairs of the country at all. We have not attained yet to the French Ministerial standard, though we have approached it of late years, but even with us the departments are needed to keep up continuity of administration. How much they do may be estimated by the perceptible difference between the solidity of some honourable gentlemen when in office and their extreme vacuity when out of it. The critic complains at times that Ministers are only the mouth-piece of their office; but indeed it is only when they are in that position that anything comes out of their mouths which is worth listening to. The very tendency to fall into a routine which is charged against the public offices has its excuses, as the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the French Ambassador explained. At least you can count on routine, and it is better than the state of things produced by some reforming Ministers who never act beyond upsetting an existing order.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

WITHOUT much preliminary warning the newspapers informed us on Tuesday that the London Artillery Company had been virtually broken up. The PRINCE OF WALES, its Captain-General, had resigned; so had the Duke of PORTLAND, Commanding Officer; so had Colonel BORTON, Adjutant of the corps. And, not only had its staff disappeared, but it had actually been disarmed by order from the War Office. The rifles and bayonets and ammunition had been carried off to the Tower; the guns had been trundled to Woolwich; and all that remained to be done was to return to the State authorities certain small matters in the way of harness. To be sure, the Royal warrant under which the Artillery Company exists had not been withdrawn; but even that was said to be in jeopardy.

And why? What was the explanation of this astonishing piece of news? Here the inquirer found himself very much puzzled; but not for lack of informants. Columns of exposition from "occasional correspondents," from "one who knows," from persons "behind the scenes," appeared forthwith in all the London prints. But, strange to say, these writers were all in one tale. They were witnesses for the complainant Company, every man of them. With the exception of one gentleman, who came forward with "tearful eyes" to declare his belief that nothing the PRINCE OF WALES could do would diminish the pleasure which every member of the corps would feel in dying for him—the whole chorus of letter-writers and persons interviewed testified against the PRINCE, the DUKE, and the Colonel. Was there nothing to say on the other side? The question was all the more important for those who wished to form a fair and safe judgment in the matter because, while the story told by the accusing party commended itself to attention by its unvarying consistency, no sufficient or reasonable explanation of the *dénouement* could be got out of either the most friendly or most hostile reading of the tale. Suppose it true that the Commanding Officer was as neglectful of his duties to the Company, as supercilious in his relations with the brotherhood, as he is said to have been; suppose it true that the Adjutant neglected his duties yet more, and that, while he was known to be very unpopular in the regiment, he was protected and sustained in irregular ways by the PRINCE and the DUKE alike; here be reasons enough for discontent in a Volunteer corps, but no explanation of the conduct of the staff in resigning, unless the discontent passed into open insubordination. But it is said in some quarters that the members generally, or a majority of them, had become insubordinate. If so, the question then arises, How was rebellion shown? So far as we can make out, one complaint is, or is suspected to be, that the regiment proposed to operate against Colonel BORTON by reducing his salary. Another complaint is, or is suspected to be, that, while the Company had consented to be placed under the Volunteer Act, according to the Captain-General's desire, it refused the vote of a fixed sum for military expenses (which was to be a part of the new arrangement) until the other details of the new constitution of the Company had come up for consideration. This appears to be the most substantial offence; and it is considered all the more flagitious because, at a previous meeting of the Court of Assistants (which is the governing body of the Company), the vote had been agreed upon. Now let us suppose these things true. Do they amount to insubordination? If they do, the resignation of the PRINCE, the DUKE, and the Colonel may be justified; for insubordination is a very serious offence, and scarcely more to be tolerated in a Volunteer corps than in a regiment of the line. But we have now to ask whether the Court of Assistants—which is elected every year by the whole Company on universal suffrage principles—had not a constitutional right to do what it is said to have wrongfully done. Of course the constitution of the Company may itself be all wrong; it may be that the ancient privileges of its members ought to be diminished; but that is another thing. The question is whether, as matters stand, the Court had not a right to say, if it pleased, "Let us know how the Company is to be reconstituted under the Volunteer Act—what privileges we shall have to give up, and so forth—before we assent to the vote which is to be part of the new arrangement." If the existing laws and regulations of the Company gave the Court of Assistants a right to say this, there could be very little insubordination in saying it. We may fairly draw the inference, perhaps, that the whole constitution of the Company had better be altered, but not,

with any reason, that the Corps had better be broken up, not that its chief officers were wise in resigning, certainly not that it should be ostentatiously disarmed, like a regiment in actual mutiny. Possibly, however, some further explanation of these proceedings will yet be accorded. In hope thereof, most of us declined to form any opinion on the subject till Mr. STANHOPE had been questioned about it in the House of Commons. Questioned he was on Thursday evening, and a more barren answer than that which he returned could hardly have been given. We are still in ignorance of what the Captain-General, the Commanding Officer, and the Adjutant have to say. But of one thing we are assured—there is no intention of cancelling the charter of the Honourable Artillery Company. So we should have supposed without Mr. STANHOPE's word for it.

THE EXPIRING SESSION.

THERE is no disposition on the part of those Gladstonian and Parnellite members of Parliament who still remain in town to assume any virtue that they have not. If Mr. LABOUCHERE's threat of "giving the Government another week for this" has not been carried out quite to the letter, a very determined attempt has been made to fulfil as much of it as possible in the spirit. If you cannot keep Ministers tied to the Parliamentary stake for as many more nights as you would like, you can at any rate prolong the baiting for so many more hours per night as will amount to a partial realization of your wishes, and this Mr. LABOUCHERE's Irish friends have punctually done. They talked on the last of the English Civil Service Estimates from four o'clock on Monday afternoon until the same hour on Tuesday morning, and they debated the Irish Law Charges and other votes from Tuesday afternoon until three a.m. on Wednesday. The debates on the various stages of the Appropriation Bill are always of a desultory kind; but, as only one stage of the measure can be taken daily, and Ministers can no longer, therefore, hasten the prorogation by any effort, Obstruction becomes unnecessary, and the House was accordingly allowed to adjourn at eleven o'clock on Thursday night. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL did not carry out his intention of revising the British Constitution, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends were moderate—so far as length is concerned, for no other form of moderation is possible to them—on their animadversions on the wickedness of General GRENFELL's operations in the Soudan. It was on Monday and Tuesday night that the last blows of Obstruction were delivered, and the conscience of the Obstructionist must bear gratifying testimony to the consistency and thoroughness with which his tactics have been pursued.

The vote on the Irish Law Charges gave occasion to what, as it was the last, so it was also in some respects the best, performance of the Session. Although, that is to say, there have been many other debates in which Parnellites have been both more violent and more prolix, there is none in which the artist in Obstruction has done so much with such scanty and inferior material. Mr. SEXTON, who organized and led the attack upon the time of the House, and who made away more of the evening than any of his followers, had literally nothing to go upon but the stalest of stale leavings from a dozen other previous discussions. His speech, to change the metaphor for one even more appropriate to the style of Parnellite rhetoric, was made up of the very rinsings of the pot of controversy. Mitchelstown, MANDEVILLE, KINSELLA, Dr. BARR and Dr. RIDLEY, the Tralee blacksmiths, the Miltown-Malbay case—the whole dreary array of these ghosts of slaughtered slanders was once more solemnly marshalled by Mr. SEXTON, Mr. CLANCY, and the rest of them; and for seven or eight mortal hours paraded up and down the floor of the House of Commons. It is unnecessary to say, of course, that the stage manager went through his performance with more spirit than any of the rest of the company. Mr. SEXTON at his best is unsurpassed even by Mr. HEALY in that art of imparting interest to a Parliamentary speech which consists in cramming it with personalities of the most insolent, and in many cases, but for Parliamentary privilege, the most libellous, description. Among all the topics of his speech, the only one which has any pretence to novelty—that sort of novelty, at least, which belongs to the revival of an earlier as compared with the repetition of a recent performance—was that of jury-packing. But nothing which Mr. SEXTON

said on this head—nothing, indeed, which could be said about it by any Irish Nationalist—is, or could be, half so interesting as the fact that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, a late member of Mr. GLADSTONE's Cabinet, and a colleague, therefore, of the men by whom the Irish Administration was then carried on, was found supporting the Parnellites in this complaint. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE must know perfectly well that what the SEXTONS and CLANCYS call jury-packing is merely the process which has to be resorted to by the Executive in Ireland under whatever English Administration, in the discharge of the simple and elementary duty of ensuring that the jury-box shall not be filled by men either pledged to disregard the evidence or too notoriously under intimidation to be able to decide in accordance with it. It only needed that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN should have got up and supported Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE. That would have made the thing complete.

THE BLAKE MEMORIAL.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR was well inspired when he decided to set up a monument in St. Margaret's to Admiral BLAKE. We are very glad that any honour should be done to the memory of one who helped "to make England great and her enemies tremble." Perhaps a more appropriate form might have been found for the memorial than a painted window containing figures of a saint and an archangel. At least the Puritan General would probably not have approved of it himself. We do not know that ROBERT BLAKE distinguished himself by smashing stained-glass windows, but he belonged to a party which did. It is possible that he might have thought a scholarship at the Royal Naval School or a prize at Wadham a more fitting tribute to his memory; but this opinion, if he does entertain it in that place where he is, is a remnant of earthly prejudice, and the memorial window will do very well. For the rest, BLAKE has not been so completely without memorial as Archdeacon FARRAR seems to think. His name is found in the list of ships for the navy, and it is not new there. It was borne by at least one seventy-four in the old war-time. Perhaps, too, he would have preferred to be described on that window with a greater degree of accuracy, and as he was a moderate man, he might not have liked the signs which show that the window has been put up to him, not only because he was a great commander at sea, but because he helped to pull down the KING. He was not Admiral at Sea, but Admiral and General; neither would it have pleased his modesty to find himself described as the chief founder of England's naval supremacy. Many other men helped in that good work before him, and some of them with conspicuous success. Mr. LEWIS MORRIS has not explained his reasons for deciding that—

Kingdom or Commonwealth was less to thee
Than to crown England Queen o'er ev'ry sea.

He would find it somewhat difficult to say what was more or less in that matter to ROBERT BLAKE. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who spoke at the ceremony of unveiling the window, seems, like Mr. LEWIS MORRIS, to have private sources of information. At least, we do not know where he discovered that BLAKE was distinguished for anything in the short Parliament of 1640, still less that he was distinguished for his purely patriotic principles, and for having never identified himself with any particular party. We certainly had an impression that he identified himself pretty closely with the Parliamentary party both then and afterwards. When he was appointed, with two such thorough-going partisans as POPHAM and DEANE, to command the fleet, in order that it might be kept from going over to the Prince of WALES, it is probable that he was considered to be thoroughly devoted to one of the parties then fighting for the upper hand in England. Indeed, it is a pity that Archdeacon FARRAR and his friends could not contrive to honour the Admiral without talking nonsense about him. The Archdeacon made more fuss than was necessary about the removal of his body from Henry VII.'s Chapel. It might have been a more magnanimous thing to let him rest in peace; but, considering the time, it was hardly possible that a conspicuous leader of the Regicide party and a steady supporter of OLIVER CROMWELL should have been allowed to remain buried among the tombs of the kings. What, too, can Lord CHARLES BERESFORD have been thinking about when he said that BLAKE "was the first man who ever made the name of England to be respected abroad, and

"from his qualities foreigners were able to judge of the "qualities of the nation to which he belonged." Some of us have heard of a BLACK PRINCE and a King HARRY, and of Sir JOHN CHANDOS and HAWKWOOD, and of DRAKE, and of GRENVILLE, and of not a few others, who contrived to make the name of England to be respected abroad before BLAKE was born. A sailor engaged in praising a sailor might have found something more characteristic and precise to say than that. Altogether, the speech seems to have launched out into matters which have no very obvious connexion with Admiral BLAKE. One is reminded of very recent controversies when Lord CHARLES comments on BLAKE's peculiar merit in thinking out his plans. How does he know that BLAKE thought out his plans more than MONK, or PENN, or LAWSON? Is it not just possible that Lord CHARLES was thinking of certain recent Admiralty matters when he made that confident deduction? The genius of the place must also have had a considerable influence on the speaker when he made his remarks on the piety of sailors, and rather unctuously accounted for BLAKE's brilliancy in later years by his early reverence and respect for the Divine Being. Nothing is known about Admiral BLAKE's early feelings. Lord CHARLES BERESFORD is so full of his favourite subject that he probably could not help wandering into reflections on naval policy at the end of his address. They were sound enough, though not, as far as we can judge from the report, very happily worded. BLAKE was not the first man who really saw what naval supremacy meant to these islands. Queen ELIZABETH's Council knew that three-quarters of a century before. It was perfectly understood by King HENRY VIII., and the author of the "Libel of English Policie," who wrote *temp.* HENRY VI., saw the meaning of it with the utmost clearness. Whether BLAKE ever thought on the subject at all, or whether he was more than the very brave and able and taciturn lieutenant, first of Sir HARRY VANE (probably the ablest naval administrator this country ever had) and then of OLIVER CROMWELL, is exceedingly doubtful. Even that, however, would have been enough to entitle him to his memorial window.

LORD DERBY AND LORD HARTINGTON.

MOST people will agree, we imagine, with Lord HARTINGTON in his regret that the distinguished Chairman of the meeting of Liberal-Unionists at Liverpool last Tuesday does not address popular audiences more frequently than he does. Lord DERBY, however, if we recollect aright, was never particularly fond of that species of political exercise, and we can well understand that he should care less about it now than ever. The Gladstonians who make merry over the brevity of his sojourn among the Liberal party—not perceiving, as they are a little slow to perceive such things, that their satire recoils with very disastrous effect on a leader who can with such extraordinary rapidity estrange a new convert—the Gladstonians, we say, who amuse themselves with pleasantries on this subject may, for all we know, have hit upon a point on which Lord DERBY is sensitive. It is, at all events, the fact that, for some reason or other, the cold and clear deliverances of that keen, if unsympathetic, mind are now heard less seldom even than heretofore. We are not at all sure, however, that Separatism is the gainer by Lord DERBY's reserve. The exigencies of political warfare in the House of Commons compel almost all the best speakers in that Assembly to dilute themselves unduly in an excess of platform speeches, and their arguments lose force and freshness by mere dint of repetition. On the whole, we think that, if we were Gladstonians, we should prefer bearing the brunt of a stump attack of the ordinary description to receiving a knockdown blow from such a sledgehammer of hard reasoning as that which Lord DERBY brought down upon the Home Rule scheme the other day. Into a speech which occupies less than a column of newspaper report he succeeded in packing away enough shrewd and hard good sense to give "thoughts" to any Separatist who has still got a head on his shoulders and the remains of a conscience, in whatever quarter of the body that *animula vagula* of the party resides.

It is undeniable, we think, that a respite from the perpetual speechifying which is now the lot of most of our public men would have a most beneficial effect on their oratory. We feel that when we come across the dozen or so of terse and vigorous sentences into which Lord DERBY has

really thrown the whole case, from the constitutional side of the question, against Gladstonian Home Rule. "You are sometimes told," he said, "that there will be no peace till you have conceded Home Rule to Ireland. I answer, 'Will there be peace then? Are there to be any limits set to the power of the Irish Parliament? If there are, these limits will supply material for fresh agitation. If there are not, how long will two independent Legislatures go side by side? Are we at Westminster to have power to overrule what is done at Dublin? If so, there is a grievance ready made. And, if not, what link remains connecting the two countries? For the Executive in both must depend on its Parliament, and if the Parliaments diverge, how can the Executives agree?' It is not possible to put the case of the relations between an English and an Irish Parliament in a more concise and telling form than this. And as regards the other weak point of the Gladstonian scheme, the effect which Home Rule would produce upon the Imperial Legislature and Imperial Executive themselves, Lord DERBY's words are equally well worth preserving as a complete compendium of the argument on this head in *usum candidatorum*. No other recent speaker has more clearly and neatly exhibited the corollary of that hopeless dilemma in which Mr. GLADSTONE involved himself in his dealings with this part of his singularly amateurish project. Others before him have as convincingly indicated the *impasse* into which we should be led by the twofold necessity of, on the one hand, avoiding the absurdity of allowing Irish members of the Imperial Legislature to vote on English local questions, and, on the other, of distinguishing between Imperial and local questions, for the purpose of admitting the Irish votes in the former case and excluding them in the latter. But no one before Lord DERBY has so well set forth the *reductio ad absurdum* which can be so easily applied to the alternative of admitting the Irish vote in Imperial affairs. Setting aside the question whether the feat to which Mr. GLADSTONE declared the wit of man to be unequal is, in fact, possible, and assuming that a distinction can be drawn between local and Imperial affairs, we should then find ourselves, as Lord DERBY says, confronted with the absurd result that, on a large political question in home affairs, an Opposition unassisted by the Irish vote might fail in carrying a motion of censure upon Ministers, and that the very next day such a motion might, with the assistance of that vote, be carried on some question arising with regard to foreign affairs. Whence it would follow that the same Government at the same time did and did not enjoy the confidence of the country. From this absurdity there is, as Lord DERBY points out, no escape short of having two separate Cabinets and Ministries, one for Imperial and one for English affairs. And we may well echo his blunt question whether we are really going to "pull our Constitution about in that way," in the chimerical hope of satisfying Ireland.

Lord HARTINGTON, of course, is still in bondage to the controversial necessities of the hour, and he could no more omit the MANDEVILLE and MITCHELSTOWN ingredient from his speech than he could omit the names of Mr. GLADSTONE or of Mr. PARNELL themselves. There was, however, less, as it was right there should be, about these threadbare topics than on the subject of Obstruction, on which Mr. GLADSTONE has lately been romancing, and on the relation, or pretended relation, of the difficulties of the British Parliament to the suicidal form of relief which the Gladstonians propose for them. As regards the history of the Autumn Session, we hardly think that Lord HARTINGTON need have troubled himself with the refutation of the particular Gladstonism which he undertook to expose. In matters of this kind Mr. GLADSTONE carries his contempt for the intelligence of his countrymen too far. There are some audacities of misrepresentation which are distinctly *not* good enough for even the least critical examiner of the relations between assertion and fact. The English public in these days are, no doubt, much like that community whose failing provoked the sorrowful reprobation of THUCYDIDES. They are not "painstaking in the pursuit of the truth." But it is no question in this case of pursuing the truth with respect to the persons responsible for the delay of public business. It is a question of escaping collision with it when it is staring you in the face, barring your passage, and treading on your toes. For it is in a fashion as little retiring as this that the Parliamentary facts of the past Session present themselves to any one who will be content to walk straightforward, and not turn down a sophistical bye-street to avoid them.

Mr. LABOUCHERE, whose love of cynical pleasantries has not for the first time embarrassed his party, was obliging enough the other night to give Mr. CHAPLIN an opportunity of marshalling a few of the more striking of these facts for their public inspection; and there are plenty more of hardly less significance to be drawn from the statistical sources to which Mr. CHAPLIN had recourse. Nor do we think that there is in the English character so large a fund of infantile simplicity available for exploitation as to enable Mr. GLADSTONE and his lieutenants to persuade the public that they are not responsible for Mr. LABOUCHERE and his accomplices. The jugglery which is supposed to conceal the connecting wires between the gentlemen on the front bench and the performers below the gangway, hardly attains even to the level of respectable "parlour magic." It is legerdemain for the nursery, and presents no illusion whatever to an adult. Everybody, in short, is perfectly well aware, and Lord HARTINGTON need not have laboured the point, that the prolongation of the Session till Christmas Eve, the loss of the legislative measures which have had to be dropped, and the extraordinary difficulties under which the Estimates have been passed, is the result of deliberate obstruction set in motion in every important instance by Mr. GLADSTONE himself.

Recognition of this, however, need not at all exclude a due appreciation of the fact that, wilful and deliberate obstruction apart, Parliamentary discussion tends ever more to a loquacity which is making efficient administration more and more difficult, and which will in no long time render it impossible. And while it may not be easy, or for the moment necessary, to indicate the true remedy for this mischief, it is never unseasonable, as Lord HARTINGTON evidently and rightly believes, to point out what is not the true remedy, and to protest against the folly which urges its adoption. Lord HARTINGTON assumes—it may be only for the purposes of argument—that the Gladstonian nostrum—namely, the relief of the Imperial Parliament from the burden of Irish local affairs—would be effective for the liberation of our own public business from the impediments of excessive talk; and he goes on to show excellent reason why, even if that would probably or certainly be so, the nostrum aforesaid ought still to be as steadfastly rejected. We are content for the present to leave the case as he puts it, though there would be little difficulty in showing that the devolution of so-called local affairs to a local Legislature would not be in the least likely to stem the flood of talk. To assume that is to assume that the existing volume of loquacity is wholly or mainly proportioned to the mass of matters calling for Parliamentary discussion, whereas it is almost entirely out of relation thereto. It varies as the amount, not of the business to be done, but of the vanity, ineptitude, and desire for self-advertisement which exists among the persons elected to do it; and these qualities appear, we regret to say, to be steadily on the increase. So long as they continue to increase, or so long only as they maintain their present level, the "devolution" of Parliamentary business will be of no avail. It will simply create a vacuum which garrulity will instantly flow into and fill.

LORD SALISBURY AT SCARBOROUGH.

WE are not sorry that Lord SALISBURY has taken early occasion to reply to the most persistent and virulent of the recent Gladstonian attacks upon him, the more so as he is not entirely free from the responsibility of having afforded a pretext for the imputation. The course he has taken does him credit, because it recognizes the fact—not always easy, even for the magnanimous, to acknowledge—that, when one man has unwittingly wounded the feelings of another, he is not absolved from the duty of making reparation merely because the affronted person happens to be surrounded by a noisy and insolent party of pretended friends. The PRIME MINISTER has resisted the temptation to treat Mr. NAOROJI as *solidaire* with the Radicals who are so shocked at his being described as a "black man," and at the same time so nervously and unflatteringly anxious to assure the world that their *protégé* is really almost as white as Mr. SCHNADHORST; and, in resisting that temptation, he has done well. He is entirely justified, however, in distinguishing between the Parsee gentleman and the English politicians who are making vulgar and indecent capital out of the incident. He is fully entitled to say that to speak of a native

of India as a "black man," even when giving his foreign extraction as a reason for his rejection by an English constituency, is not necessarily a contemptuous description, and that the real insult to the person so described is offered to him by those who hasten to inform him that they consider it insulting. And on his own part, as the unlucky phrase had been uttered and cannot be recalled, he could, of course, do no more than assure the aggrieved party and his countrymen—what we can hardly suppose that they really need to be informed—that the words were not intended to convey the slightest flavour of contempt.

Much else of the opening portion of Lord SALISBURY'S speeches, apart from his opportune announcement of the victory at Souakin, and his emphatic declaration of English policy in the Soudan, consisted of a repudiation of other Gladstonian misrepresentations—if that is the correct word for what appears to consist, in at least two cases, of the gratuitous insertion of certain phrases never used by him into the mouth of a political adversary. These matters, however, we may well be content to leave where Lord SALISBURY has left them. The truth is that Mr. GLADSTONE'S habits of inaccuracy have so grown upon him of late years that it is almost impossible for correction to keep pace with mis-statement. The public must themselves come to the assistance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S misrepresented and misquoted adversaries, and must unite in taking a pledge of total abstention from belief in anything which that distinguished person says about a political opponent until they have personally verified his references to the evidence on which his statement is based. Lord SALISBURY, however, did not too long occupy himself with personal matters of this kind. The bulk of his speeches consisted of an elaborate review of the legislation which the Government had purposed to pass, or at any rate wished to introduce—no doubt the most telling form of appeal to an English audience to reflect upon what they are losing by the factious resolve of the Gladstonians to subordinate every other consideration to the prosecution of their attack upon the Union. We do not deny the legitimacy of the appeal, and we are quite willing to admit that most, if not all, of the measures which Lord SALISBURY enumerates are in the nature of safe, sure, and helpful legislation. But, in our opinion, the case against Gladstonian Obstruction had another and an even stronger basis than this. What, as it seems to us, the English people ought to resent more indignantly than the delay of desirable legislation is the fact that Parnellites and Gladstonians have leagued themselves together to render government impossible. Legislation may or may not be a good thing at any given moment; but all countries must be governed, whether they need to pass new laws or not; and the vigour, the leisure, and the freedom of hand which are necessary to the work of governing them effectually must reside in some part of the political body, and ought to be jealously preserved to whatever power of the State is entrusted with the actual executive work. In England this work is committed practically to some half-dozen men among the Ministers of the Crown; and Gladstonian Obstruction is now deliberately directed to the task of paralysing their energies. A nation which has not the spirit to resent and punish this is worthy of the insulting treatment which it receives.

THE SECOND CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH.

ON the Christmas-Day of "the second year of freedom by God's blessing restored," as the self-appointed rulers of England officially described the year 1650, the new Commonwealth had made no progress in the affection of the people. Throughout November and December the leading articles of each successive number of its "reptile journal," the *Mercurius Politicus*, claimed for the new Republic the right divine of the sword. The English have always been ruled, said the Parliamentary disciple of Thomas Hobbes (whose *Humane Nature*; or, *Fundamental Elements of Polity* was published this year), by those who could conquer them. Hence the title of the new "Keepers of the Liberties of England" rested upon the same solid ground as that of William the Conqueror. Every Christian was commanded by the Apostle to obey the higher powers, and Providence was splendidly confirming, by the successes of Cromwell in Scotland and of Ireton in Ireland, the claims of the new Government upon the pious loyalty of Englishmen. "The best pedigree of supremacy," said the Parliament's official newspaper, "is that which claims from God and the sword. What Government soever it pleases the prevailing party to erect must be as valid *de jure* as if it had the people's positive consent. All supreme

power is of God." Again, in a later number it said, "All the world over, princes come into the seat of authority, not only without a call or consent, but absolutely against the will of the people. There is no need of the people's expresse positive consent to justify a new Government."

The Presbyterians, or old Nonconformists, who had been the favoured clients of the Long Parliament, had now become the chief enemies of that remnant of the Parliament which had usurped the supremacy. Their hearts were with the young Presbyterian King, who had implicitly adopted their cause by taking the Covenant in Scotland. The defeat of his army by Cromwell at Dunbar, like his defeat in the following year at Worcester, was felt by them to be a disaster to English Presbyterianism. The English Parliament increased their bitterness against it by compelling them to keep days of public thanksgiving in their parishes for its own victories over their royal champion. It is curious to think of Charles II. as the armed knight of English Nonconformity against the "Sectaries"; but it is evident from the testimony of Philip Henry, Richard Baxter, Oliver Heywood, and others, that he was so regarded at the Christmastide of 1650. The political alienation of the Presbyterians from their old religious allies, the Independents, brought them into political fraternity with their old religious enemies, the "Malignants," or Churchmen. The hated epithet of "Malignant" was now applied by the Commonwealth's-men to its Presbyterian inventors. The *Mercurius Politicus* complained that the Royalists in the North of England, who had heretofore done all in their power to alienate the common people from the Presbyterian incumbents, "do now in a special manner stand for them, and run and ride that they may keep their places, because those teachers, who formerly preacht against their lewd and wicked lives, do now asperse the Parliament, and will not own the present Power." Baxter says, in his autobiography, that, if Charles II. at his marching into England, instead of turning aside to Worcester, had made straight "to London, all men supposed he would have attained his ends, increased his strength, and had no resistance." The *Mercurius Politicus* described "the City Sir Johns," the benefited Presbyterian ministers, "the Lay-elders of London," and "the Secluded Members" as gathering contributions, feasting, praying, and plotting to get the "Young Tarquin" into South Britain. The Government journal told the Londoners that they would gain nothing by the triumph of the King of Scots, since, if he were to enter London victoriously "with his world of majesty and vermin," all the prizes of victory would fall into the hands of "some hot-metalled laird or nine-penny Scotchman." The triumphant Scotch Presbyters would make short work of any Londoners who ventured to keep the Popish feast of "Yule."

It is probable that this new political alliance of Nonconformists and Conformists, Presbyterians and Malignants, in a common loyalty to the young King, brought some truce in the onslaught of the former upon the "popery and prophaneness" of the prelatical party. The literary and pulpitteering attacks upon the keeping of Christmas, with which the English Nonconformists had year after year admonished the people to take no part in the sinful festival, were represented in 1650 by one solitary pamphlet. It was written by Thomas Mocket, the intruded Presbyterian incumbent of Gilderton, in Hertfordshire, from which the Long Parliament had expelled Christopher Webb, who survived until the Restoration, when he regained his parish. On the 6th of December Mocket published his *Christmas, the Christian's Grand Feast, Discussed and Determined*, with the "Imprimatur" of the old foe of Christmas, Edmund Calamy, the pontiff of London Presbyterianism. It follows the line of most of its predecessors, contending that the "so-called Christian feast" was a mere survival of the heathen worship of "idoll devil gods," and especially of the worst of them. To keep Christmas is to pay honour to the incestuous he-devil Saturn, and to the "she-devil goddess Flora, a notable rich whore." The worship of these devils, "especially in England, saith Polydore Vergil," was exactly the same as that with which "our Christian men" in England keep Christmas. It consisted of "Feasting, drinking, stage-plays, masks, enterludes, mummeries, dancing, and all licentious dissoluteness by the lords of misrule; consequently, how little reason we Christians have to observe it." Mocket's numerous learned references are mostly borrowed from the great Presbyterian champion, William Prynne. He entreats his readers to abstain from "Health-drinking," and all other "pagan Christmas sports and heathenish delights." If any of his readers could produce one "precept, example, or approved ground in Sacred Scripture for the observation of that day" Mr. Mocket pledged himself to a public retraction. "I will embrace it, and will recant my error at Pauls-crosse, or the Exchange." Englishmen, beyond all others, were doubly bound, he observed, to abstain from this sin, because the keeping of Christmas Day had been so strictly prohibited, both by the Church and the State. The former, by the Solemn League and Covenant, had called upon every true Christian to "swear to endeavour the extirpation of Popery, Prelacy, Superstition, &c.; and sure I am the observation of these heathenish-popish Holy days comes under some of these heads, and so under our Covenant. The very name with which the Pope and papists have christened it, Christ-Mass, is enough to make all true Christians abhor the observation, it being a most detestable Mass of Idolatry." He produced another queer casuistical objection from "the fourth commandment, which enjoyns us to work on the six days, and keep

holy the Sabbath." So, he triumphantly concluded, whenever this so-called Christmas Day occurs on any week-day, and we rest from our work upon it, making it "a day of idleness, superstition, and prophaneness," we violate the fourth commandment. Here he suddenly recollects that he is upon dangerous ground. Some defender of Christmas Day may "object that the Fast-days and Thanksgiving-days appointed by the Parliament, or the Council of State, are not Sabbaths," but that, nevertheless, men are not allowed to work on them as on ordinary week-days. "We have a warrant from the Bible," he replies, "to fast on some special occasions."

Although he was a Presbyterian, Mocket appears to have kept on good terms with the Government which his co-religionist Robert Baillie called "a Republic of Sectaries." He contended that Christmas-keeping was an act of disloyalty to the State, and "is now against the command of the Supreme Authority and Magistracy in this land," because the Parliament "has abolished and taken away the observation of December 25 and all other holy days, and forbidden us to observe them." When another Parliament, twelve years afterwards, liberated the English folk from this tyranny and restored them their old holidays Mr. Mocket was of quite a different mind about obedience.

It is not likely that Presbyterian pamphlets found any readers amongst the masses of the people. "The poor complain," according to Mocket's confession, that the legislative abolition of Christmas "doth put down all good housekeeping and hospitality. Many gentlemen hereby take occasion to lay aside all charity, whereby the poor formerly had much relief at their tables and doors." Obedience to the Parliament and the taking of the Nonconformist Covenant were made by some "a cloak for their covetousness." Busy as the Parliament was that December with the Royalist plots in Eastern England, with its eagerness to secure the acknowledgment of the European powers, with its war in Ireland, and, most of all, with its war in Scotland—upon the issues of which its very existence as the supreme power was depending—it nevertheless took thought to send its informers about London on Christmas Day to observe in what degree the English people were keeping their old festival. Every private household in which that Wednesday was remembered as Christmas Day was suspected, not unnaturally, of being friendly to the King of Scots, and more or less eager for his triumphant appearance in London as King of the English. The common people felt instinctively that the restoration of their ancient social liberty would follow the restoration of the national monarchy and the national episcopate. There was a tradition amongst the common folk, as Francis Trigge said, that James I. had told Charles I. that when he came to the throne he "must be the poor man's King"; and there is every reason for believing that the "universal groan" which burst from the great crowd in 1649, when they saw their King's head severed from his body, was heartfelt, and included a sense of loss to themselves, as well as pity for him. The King, whatever his character, was felt to be the one natural tribune of the people, and the popular cry of "Church and King," so often raised by English mobs until the close of the eighteenth century, was the outcome of this hereditary common instinct.

The Council of State and the Parliament both met for business on the Christmas Day of 1650, and we have records of what was said and done in each. As it was on Wednesday, all the churches in London were shut. Churches were opened here and there in the country. Richard Culmer, the Kentish Nonconformist preacher, who had been employed by the Long Parliament to supervise the destruction of "the monuments of idolatry" in Canterbury Cathedral at Christmastide 1647, stated in a pamphlet, published in February 1651, that a church in his neighbourhood had been "wilfully" opened "upon Saint Christmas Day," a Christmas sermon preached, and the Holy Communion administered by a malignant priest "to half his (Culmer's) parish." The offender was probably the famous scholar, Dr. Casaubon, to whom numbers of the Kentish yeomen, in spite of his ejection, resorted for baptisms, marriages, burials, and Christian counsel. To this "malignant priest," as Culmer complained, his old parishioners still voluntarily paid tithes, although they withheld them from himself, the legal incumbent imposed upon the parish by the State. Culmer complained that he had been "threatened to be buried alive, for saying nothing over that dead corps, St. Christmas." He adds that some Anglican clergymen who had crept back into office in different parts of Kent by taking "the Engagement" with their own reservations, "and who are not punished," devised a trick to find an excuse for opening their churches upon the festival. They "kept christenings in pickle for that purpose"; that is, they persuaded parents to delay the baptism of their children until Christmas Day. One of them, whom he calls "Maligo," probably Casaubon, upon that day "gave the Sacrament to all comers, like hogs to a trough." He elegantly compares him to "Judas, prodigall of the Blood of Christ."

The observance of Christmas Day in London, as in the foregoing year, was of course purely domestic. Its private observance, however, was so extensive as to give alarm to the new Government. On the following day, December the 26th, Sir Henry Mildmay reported to the Parliament that the Council of State had "received information that there was a very wilful and strict observance of the day, commonly called Christmas Day, throughout the cities of London and Westminster." The members both of the Council and the Parliament must have been made aware of this fact as they were going to their political busi-

ness, which began at eleven o'clock on Christmas morning. "Contemptuous speeches were used by some," said Sir H. Mildmay to the House, "in favour of the day"; and there was "a general keeping of shops shut up, which the Council conceives to be upon the old grounds of Superstition (meaning English Churchmanship) and Malignancy (meaning a devout hope that the young King in Scotland would march upon London and assume his father's crown). "Superstition and Malignancy" alike "tend," Sir H. Mildmay continued, "to the contempt of the present laws and Government. The Council of State, therefore, requests Parliament to consider further provision—(1) for abolishing and punishing these old superstitious observances; and (2) meeting such malicious contradiction of offenders" as had been shown throughout London and Westminster on the preceding day. Early in January 1651 a letter from "Pembroke, in North Wales," was read in Parliament, complaining that "the people shew themselves little sensible in many places" of the political and religious mercies which they were receiving from their new governors. "Notwithstanding all the labour of Reformation," said the Parliamentary informer, "many are but the more hardened. For generally (i.e. universally) the prophaner sort of people did observe the popish institutions in their Christmas holidays in riotousness and drunkenness, being days by them devoted to sin and prophaness against the Lord God. But the Godly Party are better principled; our lecture here is now daily, to the great comfort of those that fear the Lord." This lecture was "supplied with ministers newly come," friends of the Government, "by appointment of those who have a care of this county." The Council had similar reports from the Eastern counties. Two Anglican clergymen were examined by the new "High Court of Justice" in Norwich on Christmas Day, "one Cooper, formerly chaplain to the Prince's Lifeguard," who was condemned on that day to be hanged as a rebel, and "Sir Ralph Skippreth's Skipwith chaplain," who was imprisoned.

THE KILLING FROST OF COLCHESTER.

THE contrast between the exuberance of Mr. Gladstone's Limehouse address and the chastened melancholy of his reply to the Unemployed may or may not have had something to do with the Colchester election. Dates, unless we know the very hour at which the letter was written, are hard to adjust; but the impending event may have cast its shadow, even if Mr. Gladstone when he wrote had not actually heard of the defeat of his very particular and very particularly recommended friend, Sir W. B. Gurdon. Whether this particular recommendation had anything to do with the result we cannot pretend to say. It has been observed by the curious in such matters, and admitted, we believe, even by fervent admirers of Mr. Gladstone, that, great, glorious, and successful as he is in general matters, a particular recommendation of his to a constituency constantly has a kind of effect as of *gettatura* (by the way, Mr. Gladstone is going to Naples). His followers have, with unwonted frankness and very excusable chagrin, admitted on this occasion that the defeat is a heavy one, and that they could hardly have had a stronger candidate. Those on the other side may be content, without crowing, to point out that the result at Maidstone, as well as this at Colchester, shows—that what has nowhere been more steadily maintained than here—that, if Unionists will only take the trouble to work and to look facts in the face, the Unionist cause is in not the slightest danger. Where, as in the case of Southampton and Ayr, deliberate and elaborate pains are apparently taken to give the seat away, it will be given; where, as in the case of Maidstone, and still more Colchester, sensible men take sensible measures, it will be kept. "Fight every hostile seat as if each piece of exertion would make it your own, and fight every seat of your own as though the enemy must gain it if you slacken for a moment" is the golden rule for electioneering.

But Mr. Gladstone naturally may not have looked at things in this light, and may have been saddened by the difference to him of having an unsympathizing Tory countenance opposite instead of "a foolish face of praise" beside. At any rate, he certainly cannot be accused of being what we believe vulgar people call cock-a-hoop in this letter; and he was decidedly cock-a-hoop in the speech. Even an insinuation about the sincerity of the Liberal party (which Liberal party, Bezonian?) does not rouse him to more than a limp and apologetic protest. "You may doubt my sincerity if you like, but please don't," is what it comes to. He really does not know the facts—a plea which Mr. Gladstone never makes except when he wants to shirk a subject or sees a lawyer's letter in the more or less near distance. "The cares and labours of the House of Commons embrace the whole Empire"—which is quite true, but lies rather oddly in the mouth of a man who has been unceasingly labouring for three whole years that these cares shall not embrace the whole Empire. He is only a little happy in responding to the toast of his Bulgarian exertions ("same which he shot Lord Beaconsfield"), and of that celebrated Naples expedition, of the details whereof—as was proved the other day—he retains only a decidedly mixed memory. And here, too, he uses the instances rather to shuffle off the present appeal than for any other purpose. He took three months to study Bulgaria, and seven to study Naples; but he has had no time to give any time to the East End. Now this is surely rather odd. Here is a statesman who could give three months to this foreign nation, and seven to that, and who yet, by

his own confession, was fifty years a leading public man without studying the history of Ireland, and has not even yet found time to study the condition of London. Curious, isn't it?

The idea, however, of this great man going off for a holiday to sunny climes, not in a mood of merriment, but with a Colchester election in his ear, and apologies for having been too much occupied to study the condition-of-England-question in his mouth, is saddening. Let us rather return to Mr. Gladstone in his glory at the Limehouse Town Hall, with the countenance of Professor Stuart to cheer him, Mr. Morley to correct his rather important little slips in recent history, Mr. Bottomley Firth on his right, and Mr. James Haysman on his left, not a detested Liberal-Unionist anywhere within sight, the "effective execution of that very popular song 'He's a jolly good fellow'" very much in sound. That there is a considerable element of good-fellowship in Mr. Gladstone nobody denies. We always like to think of the passage in the life of the late Mr. Hope Scott which depicts Mr. Gladstone, his father, and Hope Scott himself discussing *cil-de-perdrix* champagne when they were hunting about untrodden wilds in Perthshire for the site of Trinity College, Glenalmond. But Mr. Gladstone was a good Tory, or at least a Tory, then, and Mr. Bottomley Firth was in the loins of his fathers. Still, it is pleasant to know that Mr. Gladstone still appreciates "He's a jolly good fellow" as much as he used to like the "Camptown Races." "He's a jolly good fellow" is a popular ditty, and a good one to boot; nor is there anything pleasanter than to watch the countenances, half-awed, half-pleased, of distinguished foreigners when, without warning, it arises (as, for instance, it did at the *Encyclopædia Britannica* dinner last week). Then do they evidently think us savages, but genial savages—like Shakspeare, in short. Now, it is pleasant to be thought like Shakspeare.

But this is a digression; let us return to Limehouse. Mr. Gladstone "met his friends with great satisfaction," and forthwith began to show them that he had some rather Tapleian reasons for joviality. His disgust at the secession of Liberal-Unionists from a Club which pretty deliberately set itself to show Liberal-Unionists that they are not wanted is comic but sincere; his description of his sufferings in the House of Commons more comic and more sincere still. The "distinguished Liberal-Unionist lawyer" who ought to have been a Tory must hardly have ceased chuckling since at the terrible effects produced (no doubt unconsciously to himself) when he fixes Mr. Gladstone with his glittering eye, Mr. Gladstone having turned in search of Professor Stuart. It is a weary weird to dree. Think of Mr. Gladstone (who, we trust, knows his Burns) cheerfully humming "Ye're welcome, Jamie Stuart," and having to change the air to "Oh, wha is it but F-n-l-y," if, as is thought probable, the member for Inverness is the skeleton at Mr. Gladstone's feast. Indeed, almost the whole of that capital song is pat to the purpose:—

"Wha is that at my bower door?"
 "O wha is it but Findlay?"
 "Then gae your gate: ye'ee nae be here,"
 "Indeed maun I," quo' Findlay.

And so forth. But Mr. Gladstone was really happy enough, probably because distinguished Liberal-Unionist lawyers were kept far from Limehouse. He had Lord Salisbury's "black man" to be happy over. He was delighted at what are called Congresses in India. He was delighted at Lord Salisbury's present "freedom from foreign crises"; which he talks of as if they were a kind of personal ailment incident to the House of Cecil. He was not comfortable about Souakin, but, though he did not say so, was evidently bubbling over with the feeling, more natural than heroic, "Rather he than I." He thought the state of the House of Commons dreadful; but even here there is what may be called, without too much conceit, a satisfied dissatisfaction, for it seems it is all the fault of that wicked majority. The majority has wasted days and weeks in chattering about Mr. O'Brien's breeches and Mr. Mandeville's ailments; the majority has on every occasion taken some hours to express its overflowing affection for Mr. Balfour; the majority has obstructed. The Tanners, the Sextons, the Conybeares, the Laboucheres are all members of the majority, and it is the horrid Tory desire to sit till Christmas which is prolonging the Session of Parliament. The fact that three measures (which might have been passed in about as many nights) took twenty-three, is a proof in Mr. Gladstone's eyes of "the remarkable moderation of the Irish Nationalist party." So he was happy; and he was equally happy about many large measures in the future, all of which he mentioned with a beaming countenance, because there were such horrid abuses at present, and they were all going to be cured—when he is at Downing Street, of course. We shall be told, probably by Mr. Gladstone himself, that he committed himself to nothing; but it appears to the guileless reader that, in about fifteen minutes, he committed himself to "One man one vote," to triennial or quinquennial Parliaments, to the handing over of the London police to a Commune, to additional taxation of ground-rents, and to half a dozen other little tiny kickshaws. With the large portion of the speech dealing with Ireland we need not ourselves deal, for it was but the old repeated cabbage. Let us only observe that Mr. Gladstone's recent studies show him that, "During the course of the last century in Ireland, down to 1797," Protestant and Catholic were just like brothers. Now we had always heard that this century was the time when the "atrocious penal laws" made Protestant and Catholic in

Ireland resemble one pair of brothers only—Messrs. Abel and Cain. Mr. Gladstone was too happy to think of or to care for this little awkwardness. He was so happy that he even (like the lady in the French novel, who was so fond of her husband that, *heureuse elle-même, elle trouvait naturel de faire les autres heureux*, not exactly in the way that her husband would have approved) spoke a good word for His Majesty George IV. But perhaps this was because King George deserted the wicked Whigs, who begat Lord Hartington and other fiends. However this may be, the whole speech was simply running over with cheerfulness.

And then—and then—came Colchester; and Mr. Gladstone departs to Naples with those numbers, those ill numbers, ringing in his ears. *O genus humanum . . . !*

ALPINE SEASON.

WHEN is the best time to visit the Alps? Mr. Ruskin thinks early spring, and there is a good deal to be said for this opinion. The flowerage is then at its height, and in no part of Europe is it richer than in the Southern Alps, though in some parts the flora may contain more botanical names. Nothing can be more astonishing than the way in which the fields, the meadows, and the woods literally burst into bloom. The snow still lies in great patches over the fields and uplands when the Christmas rose is in full blossom in the more exposed and rocky valleys and the snowdrops fringe the waysides. Why has no gardener succeeded in retaining or reproducing the Alpine snowdrop, one of the most charming of flowers, with its delicate, apparently fragile, stem and nodding head? English snowdrops look like country-cousins beside it, rough things which can only be admitted to its society on account of the claims of relationship. Then in a week or so more all the meadows are white with crocus, and all the uplands blue with the small gentian, the most lovely of flowers in form and colour, a little bit of the sky that seems to have fallen as a star on the earth. After these "proud virgins of the year" have taken their places, and are even beginning to think of leaving them, there is a general inrush of flowers. You cannot walk through a meadow, a field, or a pathless wood without treading the daintiest beauty underfoot. In this respect Mr. Ruskin is right; it is best to visit the high Alps in early spring.

But you must find comfortable rooms that can be heated without difficulty, and bring a library with you. The first of these conditions is not so easy as summer tourists may think, and the second causes a good deal of inconvenience; but both are necessary. The weather is never certain in spring, and what is a tourist to do if three weeks of rain, drizzle, and snow set in, and he has no fire at which to warm himself, and no books to read? Anything more wearisome than such a state of things can hardly be imagined, and the person who is subjected to it may plead extenuating circumstances if he makes Platonic love to one of the village beauties. Whoever, therefore, follows Mr. Ruskin's advice, and goes to the Alps in early spring, will do well to take a complete copy of the author's works with him. It is more probable than not that he will find time to read them through.

The old Scotch song says:—

Summer's a pleasant time,
 Flowers of every colour.

(We trust Scotchmen will excuse the loss of the dialect; one may remember the sense, the rhythm, and the words, and yet forget the proper provincial spelling.) The verse may be as true in Scotland as it is beautiful when taken with the context; but in the Alps it is not true. Early in June the loveliest and most interesting blossoms pass away. It is not that they are mown down, but that they flower before or with the grass. The so-called Alpine rose and the Edelweiss have still to come, as well as many flowers that live on the borders of the snow; but the finest orchids, with their splendour of purple or their white cups of fragrance, are now only dry stalks, and on the banks where the lilies of the valley grow one finds berries instead of flowers. Even the larger meadow-sweet is bending its head and putting on a brown and yellow mourning for its own approaching death. One can hardly help feeling as if the withdrawal of the aristocracy gave the "little people" an opportunity of asserting themselves, as it does in some provincial balls. The commonest flowers blaze it in gaudy colours where only a week or so ago the loveliest and most graceful of Nature's creatures had their place. No one who has only visited the Alps in summer or autumn can have any idea of the splendid prodigality with which Nature there spreads her carpet in early spring.

Still something is to be said for a summer visit to the Alps. You can then get more to eat and drink than the coarse food and the vile wine served at other seasons, and to ask for a bath does not seem such an extravagant and monstrous demand as it does in winter and spring. The fact is, the great hotels are beginning to open, or to fill up the necessary lists of servants if they have remained open with a reduced staff, as they often do. You are surprised to find that the soup is more savoury, and that the ancient cow whose flesh you have been—we cannot say enjoying, but at least consuming, has become more tender and is served in a better way. The summer cook has come, and the landlady has given the kitchen up to her. This is a distinct gain; but losses

are involved in it; the service ceases to be prompt and punctual. The waitress no longer reads your wishes in your eyes; the chambermaid, who was attention itself, forgets the most important things you ask her to do. Village society falls to pieces. The younger officers of the garrison are eager to pay their court to the newest foreign beauty—with a sufficient dowry—who visits the place. This, of course, causes a certain heart-burning among those whose devoted admirers they have hitherto been. By degrees the military officers, with few exceptions, retire to their mess or the greater hotels; while the more respectable part of the citizens frequent some second-rate inn in which a room is often, and a table always, reserved for them.

This is the period of the year in which the Alps are chiefly visited by Italians and such Germans as can choose their own time. They are to a certain extent wise in their generation; the cool air of the Alps acts like a tonic on those whose nerves have been relaxed by the warm, moist atmosphere of the Italian and Bavarian plains. There are still some flowers to gather, particularly on the heights, and the mountains assume a more fervid glow than they have worn since they put off their winter dress. At this season travelling is easy, and the tourist is treated with as much respect as if he were a nobleman. To a limited extent—namely, that of his pecuniary resources—he is monarch of all he surveys. The magnates of the village have withdrawn to their own houses; the prettiest girls hardly like to show themselves in the public places, because they know their home-made dresses are outshone by those of strangers of distinction, who, however, condescend to haggle with the landlord for a few pence; the younger officers and unmarried officials have gone over to the invaders, and the period of pretence has begun. These are perhaps advantages, but the weather is apt to be changeable. July is sometimes the rainiest month of the year.

Autumn is the season for Englishmen and German professors who make a holiday excursion. The hotels become more sober, and at the same time more sumptuous. The bills of fare improve, and so does the conversation. You may chance to meet a person who happens to know something about a subject in which you can take an interest, and jests that are not absolutely inane are occasionally heard. The weather, too, is more settled at this than at any other season except midwinter; but most of the visitors are mere birds of passage, who are doing a certain district, which does not seem to be much changed either for the better or the worse after it has been done a thousand times. This is the great difference between the summer guests and the autumn tourists. The former take rooms and stay, they make bargains about everything, and are anxious to display their splendours before the country people; the latter come and go, paying generally what is asked of them without further questions, and manifesting a supreme indifference to their own dress and public opinion. That autumn, however, is not the best time for visiting the higher Alps, probably every one who has seen them at other seasons will confess. The luxuriant vegetation of spring and the fervid sunset lights of summer are alike wanting. Later on, it is true, the woods clothe themselves in a splendour of colour that can hardly be seen elsewhere, but this is rather the case in the lower than in the higher valleys, where firs of one sort or another are the principal forest trees, and before this happens the season has usually closed and foreign visitors have departed. The calm translucent skies of late September and October have a charm of their own; but it is a mere hectic flush which foretells death—a single day, the first of snow, may change the Paradise into a wilderness, and then a period of the most abominable weather follows. Rain changes into snow and snow into rain. The roads are reduced to a condition which renders them impassable for all who do not wear such high topboots as Scotch anglers affect; the rooms are still in a disorderly condition—they are, properly speaking, for the time neither summer nor winter quarters, but only a rather dreary kind of bivouac in which watch must be held till winter has compelled the host to put them in a tolerable condition. Society, on the other hand, begins to grow warmer as the outside world grows colder. Old guests return to the familiar places, and the first storm brings about numerous reconciliations. The young ladies may still retain a drop of bitterness in the bottom of their hearts when they reflect on the neglect to which they have been subjected; but how are they to find partners for next carnival's balls if they sulk? Carnival is coming now, and it is better to make it up at once and forget the slights that rankled so cruelly at the time—to seem to forget, if not quite to forgive them. So runs the comedy of life in village as well as city, a comedy that too often unfortunately has a quite tragic conclusion.

For midwinter a great deal may be said if it is passed in the upper valleys at a distance from any lakes. At that season one can reckon with almost perfect certainty on some weeks of uninterrupted sunshine, with crisp snow underfoot and the bluest of skies overhead. If you are of a malicious disposition you may also rejoice in the thought that only a few miles below you the towns are enveloped in fog. When you climb to the height above your house you can see the fog lying far beneath you like a sea, out of which the mountain tops lift themselves like islands, and which itself rises and falls in huge capricious waves. If we leave the very imperfect hotel accommodation of the time unnoticed, as a thing that must be taken for granted, the chief disadvantages of a winter sojourn in the Alps are the shortness of the days and the want of outline and colour caused by the universal snow. It is true that the splendour of sunrise and sunset is greater at this

than at any other season, but it does not quite make amends for the full foliage of the woods and the sharply cut outlines of the rock. Whatever glory may be shed upon it, the snow remains a shroud.

It will be seen from what has been said that at almost every season of the year the higher Alps have their attractions. One must live among them to know, and to know is to love them—an assertion which is not so true of all our fellow-men as some optimists have supposed. There are, however, two periods in which the higher Alps are utterly unendurable—the time when the snow falls and the time when it thaws. Of the first we have already spoken; the latter is decidedly the worst. You wake up, the sky is clear, and the air soft and warm. If it were not for the snow under foot, you would be inclined to breakfast in the open air. Everything, except the slush that lies at about the height of three feet on both sides of the road, and at least six inches in the middle, is charming. Then, about midday, heavy clouds drift up, and there falls a warm heavy rain, which changes in the evening into snow. The first day this happens you find the changes of the weather interesting. When they continue for weeks you feel inclined to use naughty words. Pray don't; it does no good. Pack your portmanteau, and take the next train to some Italian town where spring has already entered into possession.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE City is apprehensive that next week may witness one of those squeezes in the money market which are now of such frequent occurrence. Always there is a rise in the rates of interest and discount at the end of the year. The joint-stock banks make up their accounts on the last day of December, and, to make it appear that they hold in actual cash sufficient balances, they are in the habit of calling in considerable amounts of money, which usually they lend out either to members of the Stock Exchange or to bill-brokers and discount houses. The practice is objectionable on two grounds. It causes artificial and entirely unnecessary disturbance of the money market, and thereby inconveniences men of business; and secondly, and this is a graver objection, it is calculated to deceive. Shareholders and depositors, looking at the accounts which accompany the reports of the banks, naturally suppose that the amount of money shown to be held by the banks themselves, or to be standing to their credit at the Bank of England, represents the amounts which they usually have unemployed at their disposal. The fact is very different. Except at the end of June and the end of December the banks hold barely as much cash as is necessary for the actual daily requirements of their business. Every penny beyond this amount they lend to customers. All this is well understood in the City; but many depositors and shareholders, perhaps the majority of them, do not know the facts, and are liable, therefore, to be deceived. But to return to what we were saying. The joint-stock banks call in at the end of the year large amounts which at other times are lent to their customers, and by so doing they lessen the supply of loanable capital in the outside market. At the same time business men generally like to have a handsome balance at their bankers at the close of the year. They therefore collect sums due to them and call in advances, and by so doing they increase the scarcity of loanable capital. Every year this is going on, and consequently the end of December is usually a time of exceptionally high rates. This year there is an extraordinary cause at work, which is likely to intensify very greatly the stringency of the money market. The India Council, following the practice of the old East India Company, is in the habit of lending large amounts in the London short-loan market, and of late it has been lending on a very large scale, for on New Year's Day it has to pay about five millions sterling as purchase-money of the Oude and Rohileund Railway, and has in good time provided the means. And in addition it has to pay about two millions sterling in interest and advances; making altogether about seven millions sterling. The money is lent chiefly to the outside market, but about two millions of it to the Bank of England. During the last four or five days of the year about five millions sterling, being the amount lent out as above described, therefore, will have to be paid by the outside market to the Bank of England to the credit of the India Council. Of course the money will be paid out again on New Year's Day, but in the meantime it will have to be found by bill-brokers, discount houses, and members of the Stock Exchange, and to be paid in to the credit of the India Council at the Bank of England. In other words, in addition to the drain upon the outside market which always occurs at the end of the year, and the causes of which we have just been referring to, there will be this exceptional drain next week of about five millions sterling. The withdrawal of so very large a sum, even for a few days, must during those few days cause an extraordinary demand for loans and discounts, and must therefore raise rates, and the City fears may in consequence create considerable stringency, which may have its effect upon prices on the Stock Exchange. No doubt the Bank of England in the first place, and the other banks generally, knowing that all this is to take place, will adopt measures to lessen as much as possible the disturbance in the money market. But still there must be some perturbation, and in anticipation of it there has been a very decided falling-off for some weeks past in speculative business of every kind.

The fear of a mere temporary trouble, arising from causes so clearly foreseen and for the most part periodical in their occurrence, would have little effect upon the business world were it not that the reserve of the Bank of England is universally recognized to be dangerously small. Owing to the numerous new loans and Companies that have been brought out during the year now rapidly drawing to a close, as well as to the exceptionally large import of wheat in consequence of the badness of the harvest, foreign countries have been able to take from London very large amounts of gold, with the result that the stock of the metal now held by the Bank of England is smaller than it has been for over twenty years. And naturally, therefore, the reserve of the Bank has fallen very low. The Bank of England, to remedy this state of things, some time ago raised its rate of discount rapidly, by successive steps, from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 5 per cent. But as gold has been taken in large amounts from the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Bank of France also, these two great institutions have been as anxious as the Bank of England itself to protect their metallic reserves, and to attract gold. Therefore they have put every possible obstacle in the way of those who wished to take the metal from them, and they have taken means likewise to encourage imports. At the same time the great financial houses which are interested in the bringing out of new loans and Companies have been doing their utmost to keep the London money market easy. And thus it has turned out that the Bank of England has not been able to obtain the supply of gold necessary to restore confidence to the money market. The City asks, if the Bank of England has not been able to make its 5 per cent. rate effective during the past few months, what chance is there that it will be more successful in the immediate future? And if it is not more successful in the immediate future, will not the state of affairs go from bad to worse? In the first week in January the India Council, as we have stated above, will pay to investors all over the country about seven millions sterling, and, furthermore, the Government will have to pay the interest upon the National Debt. In this way eleven or twelve millions sterling will be paid away all over the country. But, as most of this sum will be re-invested, the money will be sent back to London for that purpose, and will be paid into the private and joint-stock banks. Therefore, people argue, in the course of next month the supply of loanable capital in the outside market will be greatly increased; while the Bank of England will be depleted of many millions it now holds. Consequently the rates of interest and discount in the outside market must fall. Then will be the opportunity for the great financial houses which have arranged for the issue of new loans and Companies. The new issues will enable foreign countries to take more and more gold. Moreover, it is possible that the decline in the rates of interest and discount will enable the shipments of gold which were lately stopped to be resumed again. We are inclined to doubt, however, whether there will be such a fall in the rates of interest and discount early in January as is generally expected. We pointed out above that next week members of the Stock Exchange, bill-brokers, and discount houses will have to repay to the India Council about five millions sterling borrowed from it. And, as the joint-stock banks will hardly be in a position to lend much, the probability seems to be that the greater part of this large sum will have to be borrowed from the Bank of England. We are, indeed, inclined to think that nearly the whole of it will have to be so borrowed. If that proves to be the case, then, out of the eleven or twelve millions which will have to be paid by the India Council and the Home Government in the first week of January, more than half—we daresay considerably more than half—will have to be repaid by the outside market to the Bank of England. For already, before the real pinch, the outside market has borrowed largely from the Bank of England. It seems to us, then, extremely improbable that the supply of loanable capital in the outside market will be so largely increased as is generally assumed, and that the Bank of England will be so stripped of supplies. Still it is likely that the money market throughout January will be easier than it has been in December. There will be some increase of the supply in the outside market. And as it will be to the interest of the great issuing houses to magnify the ease in the market, it is possible that there may for a while be a considerable decline in rates. We are by no means, therefore, prepared to deny that the danger foreseen by the City is very real. The reserve of the Bank of England at the present moment is altogether too small. Unquestionably the Bank has not obtained the amount of gold which it requires to make the future secure. And, lastly, it is unquestionable that a considerable amount of gold is to be brought from St. Petersburg and New York, that the arrival of this gold will tend to increase the ease in the market in January, and therefore to increase very considerably the danger later in the year.

Whether the danger proves real or whether it is averted will depend very largely upon the action of the Bank of England. We have just pointed out that, while it will have to pay away in the first week of February the immense sum now held by it on account of the Home Government and the India Council, it will have to receive, on the other hand, from those indebted to it in the outside market at least half as much as it pays away, and probably considerably more than half as much. It will, therefore, still have the means at its disposal of controlling the outside market if it acts with promptitude and decision. By borrowing upon Consols, Indian Government Stock, and other securities, it can obtain so large a proportion of the supply of loanable capital

in the outside market that practically it can determine rates in that market. No doubt to do so will cost much; but, when once it has obtained the money, it will be able to lend it again at a higher rate than it has borrowed at, and thus to repay itself. Besides, the time during which it will need to borrow money is not long. On New Year's Day the last quarter of the financial year begins, and in that quarter the proportion of the revenue to be collected is very much larger than in any other quarter. Early in February the receipts into the Exchequer greatly exceed, under ordinary circumstances, the payments out of the Exchequer; and, as all the taxes, when collected, are paid into the Bank of England, the supply of loanable capital at the disposal of the Bank of England will be steadily increasing day by day, while the supply in the outside market will be as steadily decreasing. In the regular course of things, then, the Bank of England ought to obtain control of the outside market about the middle of February, and to retain it until the middle of March, or somewhat later. The temptation, no doubt, will be strong to let things take their course during January, and to trust to the collection of the revenue to give to the Bank control of the market without cost to itself. But if the Directors yield to the temptation they will probably cause much trouble in the market. It is notorious that there are many new loans and Companies to be brought out, and it is also notorious that gold is wanted by many foreign countries. Therefore the probability is that, should the Directors of the Bank of England let things drift in January, gold will begin to be exported again. The City will in consequence be alarmed. And the Directors will then have to act when much mischief has been done, and when perhaps they will have to incur greater expense than they need have incurred had they acted earlier and of their own motion. Besides, if a high rate of discount is maintained during January and February and well into March, it is almost certain that gold in considerable quantities will be attracted to London. Upon the Continent and in the United States the tendency is for the money market to be easy during the first half of the year, coin and notes then flow back from agricultural districts to the great banking centres, and the accumulation of money in these centres tends to force down the rates of interest and discount. It is probable, therefore, that the rates of interest and discount will be comparatively low in the great Continental and American cities during the next three months, and if those rates are kept comparatively high here gold, as a matter of course, will be sent to London, where, under the circumstances, it can be employed more profitably than abroad. Thus by vigorous and prompt action the Directors of the Bank of England have it in their power during the next three months to replenish their stock of gold, and thereby to increase largely their reserve. If they neglect to do so the opportunity will have passed for many months, the situation will in all likelihood become more and more dangerous as the summer advances, and it will be strange, indeed, if the autumn passes away without serious trouble in the money market. We have so far been assuming that no political complications occur, that there is no break down of speculation on the Continental bourses, that there are no failures of crops either at home or abroad. In short, that there is no untoward accident, but that everything goes smoothly. Suppose, however, that there are political complications, such as a revolution in Serbia or a war scare like we had two years ago, and that there should be a bourse or financial crisis in Paris or Berlin. It is evident that the consequences to our own money market, when the Bank of England reserve is so small, would be serious. And he would be a bold man who would say confidently that political complications will not occur during the coming year. It is all the more incumbent upon the Directors of the Bank of England to realize at once the magnitude of their responsibility, and to act consequently with promptitude and decision.

FOUR-DIMENSIONAL MORALITY.

MOST people know that space—proper space, that is, such as we live in—has three dimensions. Any given piece of space you can measure in three ways—along from end to end, across from side to side, and up and down from top to bottom, or from bottom to top—and then, when you know the shape of its circumference, you know all about it. It has pleased different persons, chiefly mathematicians, to speculate upon the characteristics of space with only two dimensions and of space with four dimensions. The human mind is so made that it cannot imagine anything about four-dimensional space, except by an ingenious artifice based upon a tremendous and entirely irrational assumption. The assumption is that four-dimensional space, if there is any, bears the same relation to proper space as proper space would bear to two-dimensional space if there were any. It is not very difficult to imagine space with only two dimensions, though it is not so easy as it looks. The following suggestions are commonplace to persons skilled in some branches of mathematics, but may be useful in enabling those whose learning lies in other directions, and who have not previously devoted their attention to the subject, to grasp the importance of the analogical extension to morality of some of the theories of dimension hitherto principally studied in relation to physical phenomena.

Space in two dimensions would be space in which nothing had any thickness, in which motion might be along or across, or

towards any point of the compass, but never up or down. To the inhabitants of such space the words up and down, high and low, deep and shallow, thick, thin, level, and so forth, would have no meaning. They would not be able to think of any such ideas. They would say, or the impulsive ones among them would, that space was infinite because you could go infinitely far east, west, north, south, or as the case might be, but that if a thing was neither east, west, north, nor south of where they were (on the same level), it was nowhere, because there was nowhere else for it to be, and that, therefore, it did not exist. Suppose they had something they wanted to keep, and they made a ring round it, they would assert it to be absolutely enclosed, just as we should assert a thing to be absolutely enclosed which was shut up in a hollow sphere; and they would assert with absolute confidence that, if the substance of the ring was opaque, no one could see what was inside it, and also that no one could possibly take the enclosed substance away without breaking the ring. But if a three-dimensional person came upon the scene he would see merely a ring, and something mysteriously suspended in the middle of it, and he would be able to take it away without touching the ring, which to the two-dimensional people, when the ring was opened and the contents found to be gone, would appear miraculous, monstrous, and contrary to nature. This idea being established, and the arbitrary assumption 2:3::3:4: being firmly made, it is plausibly alleged that, if we enclosed an object in a box, rashly confident that, as long as the box remained shut, the object, since it could not be removed either up or down, or forwards or backwards, or to right or left, or in any mixture of those directions, could not be taken out of the box at all, and there came along a four-dimensional person, that person would see the thing lying in the box, would wonder why it did not fall out in some fourth direction which we cannot imagine, would take hold of it without touching the box, and would walk away with it. Another illustration of the theoretical possibilities of dimensions is that what we call a solid thing—that is, a thing in three dimensions—when it intercepts light, casts a shadow which has only two dimensions and has no thickness. Similarly, it is argued, when light fell upon a thing in four dimensions, it would cast a shadow of three dimensions. Of course these speculations need not stop at four dimensions. They generally do, even among mathematicians, because it is complicated enough to speculate about one unintelligible direction; but that is no reason why there should not exist space of many other varieties, and perhaps there does. Anybody interested in this sort of thing on its own account may read a pretty and quite easy discussion of it in a little book called *Flatland*, published not long ago.

Enough has been said to make it clear that the introduction among us of persons capable of perceiving and making use of a fourth dimension would give rise to remarkable events, and call for the abandonment of some of our most firmly cherished beliefs and the modification of some of our most immemorially beloved prejudices. Such persons would—or might—be able to remove themselves from our ken in the incomprehensible direction at any moment and under any circumstances, and to remove not only themselves, but our most cherished belongings, and no precautions that we could take would be of any avail against them. They would also be able to intrude—to take the most horrible instance imaginable—in a Cabinet Council, though all the naval and military forces of Her Majesty might be guarding the exalted premises all round, and on the roof above and in the cellars beneath. Worse even than this, they might, if they were strong enough, approach, unseen and unheard, and whisk us off into some place, the character or direction of which we are unable to conceive of, and where we should be as much at a loss how to behave as a shadow torn from the wall and set up on end on a table between two philosophers. Happily we are able to believe, with all proper deference to Spiritualists, Theosophists, and Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, that no such persons have yet made any serious intrusions upon the space with which we are to some extent acquainted.

But it is not so certain that a similar phenomenon has not upset the old familiar conditions of the world of morality. On the contrary, there is but too much reason to fear that it has. For instance, in proper morality, which for purposes of convenient analogy we may describe as three-dimensional morality, it is wrong to tell a lie. It is wrong to steal. It is wrong to murder. It is wrong to betray your friends and to run away from your enemies. It is wrong to deviate—even occasionally—from humanity in regard to animals. But to a mind which dwells in and understands four-dimensional morality it may be right to do each and all of these things. Suppose, for instance, that a Radical asserts that Mr. Mandeville died in consequence of the rigours of political imprisonment. Suppose that it is then conclusively proved to him, by records the authenticity and accuracy of which he cannot and does not deny, that Mr. Mandeville did nothing of the sort. He admits that the proof has come to his knowledge by declaring, in writing under his hand, that what he said as true was true, but that he never pretended to be acquainted with all the facts of the case. Then he makes his original statement over again. According to three-dimensional morality, this is stating, in order to gain a party end, what you know not to be the fact. It is reprehensible conduct. But, if you look at the question, not merely in three, but in four, dimensions, it may, for anything we can tell, be excessively high-minded and honourable behaviour. It may be right, when considered in four dimensions, to send an officer to a post of great danger when you can gain momentary popu-

larity by doing so, and leave him there to die when you think the expense of saving him would not be popular. (This, by the way, is a particularly pregnant instance. If General Gordon had been—as very likely he ought, by four-dimensional morality, to have been—a four-dimension-man, he could at any time have left Khartoum, and brought the garrison and the fugitives away with him, and in this case the suggestion that he was not surrounded, but only hemmed in, was one of the highest practical importance.) It may be right, four-dimensionally, to take at the same time the pay of your Sovereign and the votes of her enemies while devoting yourself exclusively to the aggrandizement of the latter. It seems probable that some of our contemporaries must have attained to a knowledge of four-dimensional morality, because it is really not possible to justify a good many of their recent proceedings by reference to any less extraordinary standard.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IT is unfortunate that the *Trinummus*, the only play of Plautus which is performed at Westminster, should be decidedly the dullest of the four comedies which form the cycle. Modern critics confirm the verdict of antiquity that Terence, with all his grace of style and neatness of construction, is inferior to his predecessor in *vis comica*; but those whose only opportunity of judging in the matter occurs at the annual performance in the long dormitory must wonder on what grounds this opinion is based. It is, we believe, only about forty years since the *Trinummus* was substituted for the *Eunuchus* of Terence; and some ten performances of the play hardly constitute a tradition which may not be broken; so we will hope that four years hence a play—say, the *Aulularia*—more representative of the genius of Plautus may take its place. In the *Trinummus* the first act is taken up by Callicles's explanation of his seeming treachery to his absent friend; the second and third by the rather trivial questions whether the sister of Lesbonicus shall be given in marriage to his prosperous friend with or without a dowry, and how the trustee, Callicles, is to supply the dowry without either bringing odium on himself or leading the spendthrift brother of the bride to suspect that his father has left money in Athens on which he may perhaps lay his hands. The fourth act contains all the fun and most of the action of the play. The best scene of all is, of course, that in which the Sycophant, dressed as an outlandish foreigner, and bearing to Callicles supposed letters from Charmides, meets Charmides himself, who has just returned from abroad. It was, therefore, peculiarly unlucky that Mr. A. C. Phillimore, who played Charmides on the first night, suddenly fell ill, and his part had to be taken on Monday at a few hours' notice by another actor. The substitute gallantly did his best, and, considering the short time allowed for preparation, his best was very good; but it was, of course, impossible that he should be letter-perfect, and the effect of the one fine scene of the play was inevitably injured. All the more credit is therefore due to Mr. Clarke for his performance of the Sycophant. He did not appear to be in the least put out by having a strange colleague, whom he greatly strengthened by his own freedom from any show of nervousness. His make-up was very good, except that the whiteness of his arms was rather at variance with his sunburnt face; the calm assurance of his manner, and his evident enjoyment of the joke, were as good as his delivery of the outburst of vigorous impudence with which the Sycophant leaves the stage after Charmides has revealed himself. There was a delightful touch of fatuity in the self-satisfied air with which he spoke the words "Ut ille me exornavit, ita sum ornatus," and the narration of his remarkable adventures up the river to the throne of Jupiter was given with an air which had just the right degree of exaggerated sincerity. The acting was, indeed, good all round; and, though we may have seen on the Westminster stage better individual actors, we cannot call to mind a year in which the general standard of performance was better. As the *Trinummus* is the least interesting of the four plays, so Stasimus is the dullest of the slaves who play leading parts in them. He has really little to do except to urge his ruined but proud young master to let his sister be married without a dowry; for his drunken moralizing in the fourth act is a thing quite apart from the action of the play, and is not in itself very amusing. Mr. Olivier made all that was to be made of the part, except, perhaps, that he was a little wanting in vigour at the end of Act II, when Stasimus, with the reiterated entreaty "I modo," fairly thrusts his hesitating and reluctant master within Philto's door. Of the four old men, Mr. J. S. Phillimore as Callicles was best, but all were competent. Perhaps the best-played parts of all were those which are most difficult and generally least satisfactory—the two young men. Mr. Preece, as the rather consciously good young man, Lysiteles, and Mr. Whitaker, as the dissolute but generous Lesbonicus, were equally meritorious. The former failed, or rather did not attempt, to assume the slight air of priggishness which would give a distinctive character to the part, and which it rather needs, especially in the scene with Lesbonicus in the third act; but he was vigorous, and moved easily on the stage, and, moreover, looked the part well. The lines describing the effects of love were especially well delivered. Mr. Whitaker, perhaps, realized more fully the character which he was playing. The pride which forbids Lesbonicus to let his sister go portionless to his rich friend and

the poor man's proneness to take offence were well represented, both in voice and gesture, and always with a certain dignity, which prevented the character from ever appearing either ridiculous or contemptible. Both these actors, and also the representative of Callicles, were notably good in the Epilogue, where modern dress seemed to give them greater ease and assurance than sandals and sleeveless arms permitted. It should be mentioned that the elocution was, with trifling exceptions, uniformly good and distinct; and here, again, Messrs. Preece and Whitaker were irreproachable. The delivery by the latter of the closing lines of the Epilogue was one of the best features of the whole performance. At the fall of the curtain after the fifth act the Head-master explained the circumstances which had involved the introduction at the last moment of an unpractised actor, and the audience recognized the plucky way in which the part had been undertaken by loud shouts for Charmides—who, however, modestly refrained from answering to the call.

The comparative dullness of this year's play has happily not communicated itself to the Epilogue. We have not for at least eight years seen one so well constructed or so brightly written. Almost every prominent topic of the year is touched upon, yet every, or almost every, allusion seems to arise naturally, nothing is dragged in by the heels. Familiar tags from Latin poets are even more frequent than usual, and they too are used with delightful aptness, and seem to give the greatest joy to an audience composed largely of men whose Latinity is something rusty, and who are, therefore, quicker to recognize old friends from the classics than to hail new acquaintances. Another good point in the Epilogue is, that it is written with more reference to the play which precedes it than has sometimes been the case of late years; most of the characters reproduce in burlesque fashion the features which distinguish them in the *Trinummus*. The speech of Charmides, for instance, when he enters from his parachute descent, is an excellent parody of the thanksgiving to Neptune for his prosperous voyage which opens the fourth act.

The curtain rises on Megaronides, who has escaped his wife and fled to the seaside under pretext of business. To him enters Callicles, clad in waterproof, and armed with spade and bucket, neatly suggestive of his treasure-digging operations in the play. After mutual condolence on the persistent vitality of their wives, in the course of which Megaronides exclaims, "Regem me Servie oportuit esse," Philto enters, telescope in hand, full of alarms of invasion. He is followed by Stasimus, complaining of the police:—

Qui nihil ornantes utilitate carent.

Philto's terrors are assuaged by the arrival of Lysiteles, as a Volunteer. He is eagerly greeted by his father:—

Macte nova virtute puer! Patrie una cadentis
Spes! o dulce decus presidiumque meum!
Custodes terræ dum tales suppediantur,
Haud opus invitos cogere in arma viros.

But when Lysiteles complains that "nobis haud locus ignis adest," and asks for money, Philto abruptly changes his tone:—

Tunc meos nummos, improbe tiro, petis?
Sponte tua miles parmaque inglorius alba,
Sumptibus in reliquum ludere disce tuis.
Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis—
Venali potius milite tutus ero.

Stasimus, who has a suitable site for sale, consoles himself with the reflection that the Metropolitan Board of Works will buy the land. Asked what they want with land, he replies:—

Sunt quedam arcana silenda;
Huic fortasse solo carbo subesse potest.

The Sycophant now appears in a startling check suit, at which Callicles exclaims:—

Di, quis adest?

Arrius?

But the Sycophant turns out to be a private detective getting up a case against Callicles, on behalf of his wife, for writing a letter to the newspapers on the failure of marriage. The dialogue may here speak for itself:—

MEG. Tu Sackvillus eris; scripta cavere decet.
CAL. Non ego sic scripsi, juro.

SYC. Mentiris inepte—

(Est consuetudo)—litera scripta manet.

CAL. Litera scripta mea! o mores! o tempora! falsa est.

SYC. Falsa: probanda tamen judicio parium.

CAL. At selecta virum cernat commissio rectam,
Quæ sint arbitrio nomina lecta meo.

A toy parachute with a dummy attached now falls across the scene, and Charmides enters in acrobatic costume. After his thanksgiving to "cælipotens et multiptens Jupiter," to which we have already referred, he explains his daring by his poverty:—

Esuriens in cælum, jussuris, ibit.

Philto, who has been sweeping the horizon with his telescope, now announces that the enemy is in sight, and soon the shout of the sailors is heard. Lesbionicus enters as a naval officer, and demands a ransom from the town in ships and money. The alarm is only quelled by the discovery that all this is part of the naval manoeuvres. The victory is disputed by Lysiteles, until the two parties are soothed by the declaration of Callicles that both sides have conquered. Lesbonicus then addresses the audience in graver strain, reminding them that in the tercentenary of the Armada we can scarcely fear invasion. After recalling the memory of

Old Westminster who served their country well, he concludes:—

Rursus et hinc venient fortes, si cura superstes
Virtutis steterit, si sine labe fides.
Ibimus, o socii, quo fundatrix Elisæ
Umbra aget, et patriæ non male fidus amor.

Altogether, we have never before been so well amused by a Westminster Epilogue, good as some have been. What dullness there was, on Monday evening at any rate, was in the audience, who failed to take up some of the points. They might, perhaps, be forgiven for missing the allusion to red tape in the line—

Tæniolis rubris Anglia capta perit—

but the reference made to the Salt ring in Lesbonicus's apology was tolerably obvious:—

Vos veniam, si nos sale parcius utimur, oro;
Crescit mercatorum arte salis pretium.

The Prologue dealt with the usual topics, but was of more than usual importance, owing to the deaths of Lords Lucan and Devon, both Old Westminsters. The lines relating to the former were especially happy and graceful:—

Suo senescens pariter hic cum sæculo
Jam Nestor ævom pene clauserat triplex,
Et militari principalis ordine
Quem tenuit annis prestitit factis locum:
Qui bello ut imperare fuerit impiger,
Inhospitalis terra testis Taurica,
Fususque totiens hostis, obsessio diu
Ne quis Sebastî subveniret oppido,
Testes nives nebuleque, montium juga
Contempta equitibus igniumque tonitrua.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

THE active and sympathetic Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools, Mr. Philip H. Calderon, R.A., has very courteously placed us in a position to supplement, with information not hitherto given to the public, the account of "Medal Night at the Royal Academy" which we published last week. By the light of this fresh knowledge of the internal or domestic arrangements of the schools, we are able to correct our impressions on one or two small, but not unimportant, points. We criticized with some severity the work of the students who competed for two prizes—the Armitage Prize, for a sketch of a picture in oils, and the Modelling Composition in low relief. It appears, and we are glad to explain, that the Armitage Prize is competed for under the following very trying conditions. The Keeper meets the students at 9 A.M. in one of the galleries of the Royal Academy, and reads to them a description of the subject selected for that purpose on the previous evening by the Council. The students set to, then and there, to produce a sketch of the subject, and deliver their sketch into the hands of the Keeper at 4 P.M. on the same day. From the general outline of the composition they are not, then, permitted to swerve; but two days more are allowed them to complete the sketch in black and white, which is afterwards exhibited on Medal Night. We admit at once that, when we consider that talented and experienced painters take sometimes weeks to elaborate the composition of even a minor work, we have no right to measure by a severe standard young students who, thus taken unawares, have to evolve a difficult composition in seven hours without an opportunity of refreshing themselves at outside sources of inspiration.

The Modelling Composition, it seems, is carried out on precisely the same lines as the Armitage Prize; but, as the process of modelling is naturally slower than that of painting in black and white, five days are allowed for carrying out in clay the design, the wax sketch of which was handed in to the Keeper at 4 P.M. on the first day. Our comparison, therefore, of Mr. Bates's bas-relief of "Socrates" with the little impromptu work of Mr. Nye was unconsciously a very unfair one, since the Gold-medal composition of Mr. Bates was done at full leisure, and probably cost the sculptor months of labour and arrangement; while Mr. Nye's relief, as we have explained, was a mere improvisation. We are glad to make these corrections, and we believe that our readers will be pleased to be rightly informed upon points which are of not a little importance to rising artists.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE DRAMA.

III.

THERE is so much to praise in the intention of the actor of the modern school that it is not without some compunction that we set about the task of impeaching the system of which he is the outcome; indeed, to call the present state of affairs a system is justifiable only on the principle of "lucus a non lucendo." As we recently pointed out when treating of London and the provinces as dramatic schools, actors are no longer thoroughly grounded in their art by the varied and comprehensive experience formerly to be acquired in stock companies; the ranks of those so educated grow thinner year by year. While they remain, the knowledge how to reproduce the theatrical methods of a bygone generation is not entirely lost to us; but, such education being now a thing of the past, the stage is in that respect

living on its capital, and unfortunately a not inconsiderable body of actors and writers on theatrical matters appear to regard the present state of affairs as the subject of cordial congratulation. The worst of the existing situation is, that it seems impossible to devise any practical plan promising improvement; but it is at any rate within our power to warn lovers of the stage against learning to regard its very defects as virtues—a persistence in which error cannot but render doubly hopeless any chance of ameliorating its condition.

The new school of acting dates, as we have said, from the early days of the Bancrofts at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, and was the result of a most praiseworthy stand against the absurd artificialities and conventionalities then in vogue on the stage. Mr. Thackeray has given us a slight but masterly sketch of how abominably nature was misrepresented by the comedies of some forty or fifty years ago, how "a fashionable young dog of the aristocracy (the character was played by Bulger, a meritorious man, but very stout, and nearly fifty years of age) was dressed in a rhubarb-coloured body-coat with brass buttons, a couple of under-waistcoats, a blue satin stock, with a paste brooch in it, and an eighteenpenny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody. Frank Nighttrike, on the contrary, being at home, was attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown, lined with glazed red calico, and was seated before a large pewter tea-pot, at breakfast." And then, after happily burlesquing the inflated dialogue then current on the stage, Thackeray continues, "I could not help remarking how like the comedy was to life—how the gentlemen always say 'thou,' and 'prythee,' and 'go to,' and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how when there is a serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress, with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears diamond brooches and rings on all her fingers; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip."

We have transcribed these lines because they satirize with admirable exactitude the very points in which a marked improvement has of late been made; they were written some years before the new school of acting can be said to have made a start, but the weak points Thackeray singles out were common enough up to the time of Robertson; indeed, the concluding passage clearly points to the character of Lady Gay Spanker, in *London Assurance*—a play which still keeps the stage, though more, we suspect, from the actors' love of representing its showy but overdrawn characters than from any desire on the part of the public to witness it.

What playgoer of five-and-twenty years' standing is there who cannot remember instances of the too mature actor of juvenile parts, whose wardrobe utterly disregarded all recent changes of fashion, and of the other absurdities quoted above?

Mr. Bancroft himself tells us, in his and his wife's recently published book, how new and bold a departure from existing conventionality it was considered when he refused to invest the part of Captain Hawtree with an extravagant appearance, and attired himself for that part in a suit of clothes and a wig in which he might have walked through the West-end of London without attracting any special attention. How delighted fashionable audiences were with a system which replaced the grossest caricature of themselves, their manners and customs, with the closest and most faithful reproduction was at once proved by the rapid bounds by which the theatre at which that system first saw the light progressed in public esteem. The managers of other houses, bewildered by the success which attended this new competitor for public favour, at first attempted to explain it away, but ended by copying much of their rivals' method; and the new school thus spread from the stage of the Prince of Wales's to the other theatres of London.

It is much to be regretted that the reform in matters of detail which the new school accomplished should have been purchased at the expense of the vigour and life of the drama itself. In a happy hour, and not before it was sorely needed, came the change which banished the high-flown dialogue, with its flowery metaphors and ill-placed classical allusions, the stagey dress and bearing of the old school, and gave us in its stead a school of actors and authors which strives, at any rate, to hold the mirror up to nature, though it be only to a part of it, and that not the most important. The fact is, the new school bears still indelibly impressed upon it, after upwards of twenty years, the stamp of the author and the theatre which gave it birth. Recognizing the utter want of resemblance between the stage-talk of the day and the conversation of contemporary society, Robertson modelled his dialogue with microscopic accuracy "from the life"; his characters were seldom stirred by deep emotion; but when so moved, instead of indulging in lengthy tirades, tearing their hair, or, in a word, "letting themselves go," as the phrase runs—a pause, a sigh, another pause, a look, and so on, expressed the situation. The object of this change was, no doubt, to keep the action within the bounds which would not in real life be exceeded by persons of the class to which the fictitious characters belonged, and as such it was praiseworthy enough. But by its well-nigh universal acceptance the scope both of dramatist and actor has been seriously narrowed; all delineation of the passions must be kept down to, as it were, a drawing-room level. The extremely small size of

the Prince of Wales's Theatre, in which these principles first obtained, and of many more recently-erected houses, in which they have since been elaborated, are particularly favourable to their successful employment. The "reserved force" and "suppressed emotion" of modern acting, depending more on a look or a gesture than on words for the expression of sentiment, can only produce effect in a house where the actor is removed from the spectator no further than he might be in a room. It did not escape observant eyes that, when, for purposes of benefits and the like, the Prince of Wales's company migrated temporarily to larger theatres, the "business" which had been most successful on their own stage seemed entirely devoid of significance.

Still, as the popularity of the Prince of Wales's Theatre flourished unabated, so also flourished and increased the new school of actors. That its efforts are uniformly successful from an artistic point of view can hardly be averred by any who desire to see on the stage any more lively display of the passions or humours of life than they can witness for nothing in their own houses. Through the Prince of Wales's Theatre it traces a lineal descent from the Theatre Royal Back-drawing-room. The dread of over-accentuating any display of the feelings has led to a diluted method of playing what should be strong scenes, and a half-hearted handling of strong characters, which have so long prevailed throughout the London theatres that it is now impossible to expect a full-bodied performance, instinct with life and passion, save from a few players of the old régime.

Debarred alike from the newly-formulated traditions of the modern school and by his personal lack of experience from adequately attacking what should be the main object of his art, the actor of to-day expends his ingenuity in the elaboration of detail. His performances may be wanting in force or humour; but his clothes are certain to be admirably cut, his wig fits him to a nicety, and it is impossible to tell where the false scalp joins his own. When he comes to wear the dress of some bygone period it must be confessed that his appearance is frequently less happy. To move with ease in all sorts of costume, nay, even to put them on with propriety, comes naturally to but very few; by the vast majority it is only to be acquired by constant practice—practice such as is now hardly to be obtained, let the actor seek it where he will. The knowledge of dancing, fencing, broad-sword exercise, and the like, which was to at least a superficial extent necessary to every actor under the old régime, gave to him an easy carriage and freedom of movement which his successor of to-day cannot boast; it is useless in the expensive revivals to which we are now accustomed to ransack museums and galleries that the accuracy of costumes may be ensured, when those costumes are placed on the backs of actors by whose awkwardness, under unfamiliar circumstances, they are rendered ridiculous.

The improvement in the actor's wig is certainly, for what it is worth, a subject for unalloyed congratulation. The wig of olden times had one merit, if no more—it was, at any rate, honest; it was a wig, and it pretended to be nothing else; nowadays it is hard even for the most practised eye to tell the false from the real, and not only is the wig-maker's work true to nature, but it is also often true to art; we see wigs with such an amount of "character" (as the stage phrase goes) in them, that we are tempted to speculate whether, while the stage has gained an admirable "artist in hair," it may not have lost an ingenious actor.

RECENT CONCERTS.

NEITHER the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall nor the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace have been very interesting this month. At the former the absence (owing to indisposition) of Mme. Néreda made itself felt, although her place was filled by that excellent artist, Herr Straus. On December 3 Miss Agnes Zimmermann made a welcome reappearance, playing as her solo Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3. Her performance, in every respect an excellent one, was received with unusual warmth by the audience; but the most interesting and best played number of the programme was Brahms's Quartet in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, in which Miss Zimmermann was joined by Messrs. Straus, Gibson, and Piatti. The performance was an extremely fine one, the pianist especially distinguishing herself by an exceptional display of fire and spirit. The vocalist on this occasion was Mrs. Henschel, who sang Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges," Brahms's "Meine Lieb' ist grün," and a Spinning-wheel Song by her husband, who acted as accompanist. On the following Monday Mme. Essipoff was the pianist. The fog had the effect of appreciably diminishing the audience, and the concert was hardly up to the usual standard, though mention must be made of Mr. Thorndike's singing of a new song of Mr. Gerard Cobb's, with a violoncello obligato by Signor Piatti. On Monday last Mr. Chappell relied once more upon the attractiveness of Brahms's new "Gipsy Songs." The charm of these compositions in no way diminishes at every hearing, and they were received with as much enthusiasm on the 17th as on their first production a month ago. The applause with which Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Miss Little, and Mr. Shakespeare were greeted was certainly well deserved. A more finished performance has not been heard for some time; it is the very perfection of part-singing. The rest of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's String Quartet, Op. 44, No. 1, Mozart's Clarinet Trio, No. 4, and Mendelssohn's Presto Scherzando for Pianoforte,

Solo. The pianist was Miss Fanny Davies, whose improvement this season has been very marked. She hardly has strength enough for the accompaniments to the Brahms "Gipsy Songs," which are apt to be overpowered by the voices; but her performance of the Mendelssohn solo was admirable, and, though placed at the end of the programme, had the effect of almost stopping the usual procession along the gangways of the ill-mannered people who like to make their exits to the sound of good music.

At the Crystal Palace, on December 1st, Mme. Essipoff played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto and solos by Paderewski and Chopin. The former was not a performance which gave any pleasure. Schumann's music is evidently unsuited to Mme. Essipoff's style, and, when the Russian pianist is not in sympathy with the music she plays, the uncertainty and coarseness of her execution is only too apparent. On this occasion she was certainly at her worst, and the effect of the Concerto was very different to what it usually produces. The only novelty in the programme was an orchestral piece, "Fantastischer Zug," arranged by Moszkowski from one of his pianoforte duets. It is a somewhat trivial work, in the style of the "Turkish Patrol," which used to be heard only too often on German bands a few years ago. The programme also included Bennett's charming Fantasia-Overture, "Paradise and the Peri," and Schumann's "Rhenish Symphony," both of which were played to perfection by Mr. Manns's orchestra. The vocal music, as, unfortunately, is usually the case at these concerts, was far inferior to the instrumental. Mlle. Carlotta Badia may be acceptable in a drawing-room, but she is not fit to sing in a large concert-room like that at the Crystal Palace, and her choice of songs was singularly inappropriate. The concert on December 8 contained only two numbers which deserve unrestricted praise. These were Mozart's G minor Symphony, and Berlioz's Overture, "Les Francs Juges." Following his usual habit with regard to French music, Mr. Manns placed the latter—one of the composer's most interesting orchestral works—at the end of a long programme, when most of the audience were tired, and many had left. It is really a pity that the Crystal Palace amateurs should not occasionally have an opportunity of hearing such works under better circumstances; to ask an audience to listen attentively to Berlioz, or even to Saint-Saëns or Chabrier, after two hours of music, is to expect too much. The programme on this occasion began with Sir Arthur Sullivan's Overture to *The Yeomen of the Guard*, a work which might well have changed places with Berlioz's "Francs Juges." At the Savoy Theatre it answers its purpose, and is perfectly in the right place; at the Crystal Palace, by provoking comparisons with the music usually heard there, its weaknesses were only too apparent. Another work which would have been pleasantly missed from the programme was Herr Praeger's pretentious "Symphonic Prelude" to Byron's *Manfred*. Considering that Schumann has written music to *Manfred* which contains some of his best orchestral writing, it is difficult to see why Herr Praeger should have tried his hand at the same subject, and still more why Mr. Manns should have revived his "Symphonic Prelude" after an interval of eight years. It is, doubtless, a respectable piece of music; but its extreme length and ponderous character make it very wearying to listen to. At the same concert M. Marsick played Wieniawski's commonplace Violin Concerto in D (Op. 22)—a work which requires a greater performer than the Belgian violinist to make acceptable. The programme also included songs by Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli; Schubert's Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," originally written for female chorus and pianoforte, but performed with an orchestral accompaniment arranged by Mr. Manns; and Mr. Hamish MacCunn's fine and spirited ballad for chorus and orchestra, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." The Crystal Palace Choir is not a refined body of singers, but even the shortcomings of the performance could not deprive Mr. MacCunn's work of its picturesqueness and vigour. The orchestral colouring is occasionally apt to be crude, and the composer seems too much inclined to use all the means at his command, and not to understand the value of reserve; but these are the faults of youth, and the ballad as a whole is certainly a most promising production, if not a great work of genius. It is to be hoped that the success it has met with will not turn the composer's head. He has still much to learn, and with the great talent he evidently possesses, it only remains with himself to decide whether he will attain a high position, or be content with remaining the idol of a small clique.

Of the performance of Dr. Parry's *Judith* at the Crystal Palace last Saturday it is impossible to speak with much pleasure. The dismal fog which prevailed outside seemed to have affected both singers and orchestra; for the soloists and chorus were out of voice, and the band was not only at variance with the conductor, but made more than one serious mistake. Dr. Mackenzie took the *tempi* much faster than at the performance in the previous week at St. James's Hall, and so far the work gained; but, curiously enough, he fell into the opposite extreme, and hurried the *rallentandos* in such a manner as to destroy all the effect they should have made. The soloists were the same as on the previous occasion, with the exception of Mr. Brereton, who replaced Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Barton McGuckin, who sang the music allotted to Manasseh, instead of Mr. Edward Lloyd. The latter change was by no means an improvement, though Mr. McGuckin, like his predecessor, produced a great effect by his singing of the air, "God breaketh the battle." At the end of the performance the composer was called on to the platform with much enthusiasm.

A SAD CASE.

I WENT to see an old M.P.—I will not now delay To give his name and party, but will call him Mr. K.—And as, when last I met him, he was hearty, hale, and gay, I was shocked to find him looking pale and ill, and old, and grey. But when I asked, "What ails you, Sir? Why look you so *distrain*?"

Why rolls your eye so vacantly?" conceive of my dismay At hearing him make answer, in a sort of dreamy way, "It's Mandeville and Mitchelstown, Kinsella and Killeagh."

I said to the physician, that distinguished man, Sir A., "No confidence professional I'd tempt you to betray; But this I fain would ask you—if you can, and if you may—Relieve my grave anxiety about your patient, pray." The doctor did not hesitate my wishes to obey; The wits of my unhappy friend, he said, had gone astray, In night by night assisting at the interminable fray Re Mitchelstown and Mandeville, Kinsella and Killeagh.

No words that I am master of my horror will convey At such a cause assigned to such an intellect's decay; To think of the extinction of our reason's godlike ray Beneath T-n-n-rian ribaldry and C-nyb-rian bray. It seemed to me impossible—and yet I murmured "Nay," A man must be compact indeed of more than mortal clay To stand an endless dose, through D-I-I-n, S-x-t-n, and "Tay-Pay," Of Mandeville and Mitchelstown, Kinsella and Killeagh.

It seems that when my poor friend's mind first happened to display

Its earliest indication of internal disarray, The first sad proof that Sanity was parting with its sway Occurred when—Mr. Speaker having said *ex cathedra*, "The clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day," My friend upstarted wildly, and as wildly shouted "Eh!" And declared that at the table he had heard the official say, "They are Mitchelstown and Mandeville, Kinsella and Killeagh."

Since then his anxious friends have tried his mania to stay By many new expedients, but none are found to pay; For every noise, indoors or out—the clatter of a tray, The rattle of an omnibus, the rumble of a dray, The creaking of a waggon with its load of winter hay, The piping of a bullfinch, or the screeching of a jay,— They one and all recall the sound of B-I-I-r brought to bay, Re Mandeville and Mitchelstown, Kinsella and Killeagh.

REVIEWS.

HENRY BRADSHAW.*

THE first impression of this Memoir is that its length (nearly 450 pages) is excessive, and that the personal interest of the subject is in danger of being obscured by the mass of accessories, and—if we may use the word with a certain latitude—professional details. Reflection shows that this first impression is wrong. In most cases the best art of the biographer is to be concise. He should exercise a discretion of taking many things for granted, and should not dwell overmuch on that which stands recorded in published work. But the present case is a peculiar one. Bradshaw was one of those rare men who spread their work abroad in many streams led by their own choice in concealed channels, and fertilizing other men's grounds unseen, or even unsuspected, by any but the fortunate owners. It would be found, we believe, that every one who knew Bradshaw remembers occasions on which, in his pursuit of something of special interest to himself, Bradshaw helped him to exactly the thing he wanted. But it is no injustice to Cambridge scholarship to surmise that, even among those who may claim to be true scholars, not many realized at the time the extraordinary range of Bradshaw's knowledge and resources. Perhaps some of Bradshaw's friends even believed him when he told them, as his manner was, that he knew nothing about the subject of their inquiries. After thus disclaiming competence, he somehow generally happened to recollect a fact or produce a reference which either was itself the thing sought or pointed the straight road to it. And this kind of irony, which appeared to be partly conscious, but in part (perhaps the greater part) not, extended itself to Bradshaw's character as a man. There was nothing imposing about him at first sight; one could take him for an easy-going, indolently curious man, careless perhaps in the smaller observances of social intercourse. And yet another thing which happened was that no one ever took a liberty with Bradshaw with impunity. Probably it happened still oftener that a person who went at all near to taking one became aware, in an incommunicable fashion, that it would not do, and refrained himself to his own great advantage. If the life of such a man is to be set forth not only for the remembrance and satisfaction of his friends, but for public information

* *A Memoir of Henry Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and University Librarian.* By G. W. Prothero, Fellow and Tutor of King's College, Cambridge. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

mation, it is evident that nothing can be taken for granted. We do not feel sure that Mr. Prothero will succeed, or that any one could, in giving an adequate presentment of Henry Bradshaw to those who have never known him in life. But we do feel satisfied that Mr. Prothero's method is the only one likely to be successful. Accumulation of instances is not only justified but called for in the biographer when his hero has spent his life in scattering his treasure abroad. Bradshaw did not leave any single conspicuous evidence of his powers to which the inquirer can be referred offhand. There were not many things in which he was like Thompson, the late Master of Trinity, but one point they had in common. Both were accomplished masters in what they knew, and in both of them accomplishment outran itself by begetting a fastidiousness which made it almost impossible to produce anything in a final shape. Over-acuteness of self-criticism conspired with a certain obscure physical indolence in such a way that it was positively easier and more natural for Bradshaw to spend much time and trouble in advancing other men's work than to give half the time to any defined purpose of his own. By the common opinion, we believe the unanimous opinion, of competent students of our language, Bradshaw was the one man best fitted to edit Chaucer. For years he thought of doing it, all but undertook to do it; one and another plan was laid down. But there was always some scruple of scholarly conscience when it came to the point of execution, some philological or historical problem that still must wait for more light; and so the standard edition of Chaucer remained a pious imagination.

Though an accomplished scholar, Bradshaw was in one sense, as Mr. Prothero tells us, not a trained scholar. He made the University library itself teach him its secrets. His ways were never quite the orthodox ways of scholars or librarians in general, and his discoveries seemed to be made by a kind of instinct. It is probable that he sometimes incurred needless trouble by disregard of the usual modes of approaching a question. And yet if any one else, meaning to set about the same thing, had come to Bradshaw for advice, he would almost certainly have received the best advice possible. There was a strong vein of irony (in the classical sense) running through everything Bradshaw did; and this, together with his personal habits, made him conduct his work in an underground fashion, and emerge at unexpected places. His friends do not need to be told how capable he was of irony in the popular sense too, though not without just provocation; of course or cheap sarcasm he was incapable at all times. Perhaps the essence of legitimate irony, in either sense, is consciousness of things unknown (to the speaker or to the hearer) as greater than the known; and Bradshaw carried about him a sense of the unknown which contributed both to his constant dignity and to the peculiar charm which most people discovered and enjoyed when they had persevered a little in his acquaintance. Mr. Prothero does not shrink, by the way, from giving proof that some perseverance was necessary. Somehow one always felt in Bradshaw's presence that, when one had summed up everything he said and did, the man had still escaped one, and remained indefinitely more. By this atmosphere of latent power the man of genius is distinguished from the simply respectable and conscientious master of his craft. It is this feeling that we miss in Mr. Prothero's book, if we miss anything; but it is an exceedingly difficult thing to convey. Words of description fail, and the discontinuity of scattered anecdotes is almost less than nothing to the purpose.

For similar reasons Bradshaw's opinions were not easily known, except when they were expressed for immediate practical objects, and as a matter of official or collegiate duty. Nor were they easily classified when they were ascertained. In University and college affairs Bradshaw counted as a Liberal. In some other things he might have been set down as Conservative. But in fact he thought too much for himself to be satisfied with the commonplaces of Liberalism, and knew too much history to accept those of Conservatism. He had no love of change for its own sake, and no want of respect for antiquity. Faithful study of our ancestors' work is, however, the surest way of learning not to be afraid of large development and bold reconstruction. It was not by clinging anxiously to the precedents of the twelfth or the eleventh century that Edward I. and his counsellors made his reign an epoch of political creation, while the weaker brethren of that day were still compiling the more than half barbarous customs of the good old times, and inventing fables about King Alfred. Bradshaw believed in his own University and his own generation to the point of not seeing why they could not or should not do as the men of the thirteenth or the sixteenth century had done, strike out new lines of development to deal with new circumstances. It is needless to say that a man of this spirit can have no part in vulgar iconoclasm, or in the wanton sacrifice of any link of beauty or reverence by which successive generations are bound together. Spoliation in the name of utility, confusion in the name of making things easy, and all the things which are committed or threatened in the name of popular education and the diffusion of knowledge, got no countenance from Henry Bradshaw.

His conception of his own vocation cannot be better expressed than in the words he used to congratulate Mr. E. B. Nicholson on his appointment as Bodley's Librarian:—"I am happy and at ease in the conviction that they have found a man who, while there is no fear of his working slavishly in a groove, will, on the other hand, not despise the traditions of a place where good tradi-

tions are of such vital importance, if that aroma is to be preserved which gives the charm to the Bodleian and places it at the head of all the Libraries in Europe." Howbeit there be some who think not only that working too much in old grooves is a bad thing, but that there is such a thing as making too many new ones, and that one may even be slavish in reforming zeal. There may be some who go so far as to find a touch of prophetic irony in Bradshaw's congratulation; but this is not the occasion for assent or dissent to such a guess.

The latest work of Bradshaw's hand, and one of the most characteristic, was his *Half-Century of Notes on the Day-Book of John Dorne*, sent to Mr. F. Madan within a fortnight of his death. Mr. Prothero gives as much account of this as can be given without a facsimile. The nature of the man is all there—the man who could never finish a book for publication, and could write out, by way of pleasure and friendly communication, these thirty pages of exquisitely neat and clear bibliographical notes, which have enough knowledge and work in them to make two or three ordinary bibliographical reputations. Mr. Prothero tells us, to increase the singularity of this feat, that it was almost all done from memory.

We have done scant justice, we fear, to Mr. Prothero; for we have written rather of the things the book sets one thinking about than of the book itself. But we commend the book to those who would either enrich and confirm their own recollections, or make such posthumous acquaintance as is possible with one of the most scholarly Englishmen and the most human English scholars of our time, one who lived in the spirit of wisdom, "humanus, benignus, stabilis, certus, securus." Widespread fame was not his portion; but his memory is of the kind that endures long among those for whom a man worked. "Qui custodierint iusta iuste iustificabuntur."

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.*

IT is not merely a complimentary figure of speech to say of Mr. Bryce's new book that it supplies "a want." On the contrary, whoever says as much is only stating a fact. We talk, and have talked, this many a year, we write and have written about the American Constitution. The comment has varied in tone and in degree of accuracy. Praise of the Republic because it is a Republic has been answered by abuse of it for the same reason, and the gentleman who can see nothing in America but the (very visible) vulgarity and flatness of its politics has been copiously rebuked by the other gentleman who sees only the (to him equally visible) greatness and wisdom of Marshall or of Kent. As yet, however, we have not achieved a study of the American Constitution done by a really competent writer—that is, by one who has a practical acquaintance with politics, and a knowledge of history and law. The need for these last will be denied by nobody who has had occasion to look into the remarks of some who have not studied, but commented on, the American Constitution with no better qualifications than a predisposition to admire or abuse, and a candid readiness to accept whatever differs a little from their familiar surroundings as entirely original. Mr. Bryce's book-knowledge is undoubted, and he has added to it a personal familiarity with the working of American institutions gained in the course of a series of visits to the country. The influence of this experience on his book is obvious on every page. Mr. Bryce never treats his subject in what we may call, for convenience's sake, the German manner. He does not exhaust his authorities and then draw up a report. Neither, it is hardly necessary to add, does Mr. Bryce write in the French way. He does not form a nice, logical-looking theory, and then proceed to show how completely the facts justified his scientific imagination. Indeed, Mr. Bryce indulges in no "theories" at all. He simply describes, defines, and records his observations. It may appear to some that the combination of the student and the traveller in Mr. Bryce has not worked wholly for the good of his book. We suspect that it has had much to do with the size of *The American Commonwealth*, which is, frankly, somewhat excessive. The three volumes are not much shorter than Bishop Stubbs's *Constitutional History*, and this bulk is partly attained by including the observations which Mr. Bryce has made on social matters. Some of these are of a minute character—as when, for instance, at the end of some remarks on Washington (the city), he records that "the action of the wife of President Hayes, an estimable and energetic lady, whose ardent advocacy of temperance caused the formation of a great many total abstinence societies, called by her name (Lucy Webb), showed that there may be fields in which a President's consort can turn her exalted position to good account; while, of course, such graces or charms as she possesses will tend to increase his popularity." Now we are always delighted to be polite to a lady; but, really, this remark of the constitutional historian's, though calculated to please in private circles, would have been more in place in a thin book lettered "My Reminiscences of Washington," or "Presidents at Home." The bulk of Mr. Bryce's book is not only due to the minuteness of his analysis, but (and here some of the wicked may see a proof of the direction of his travels) to pure repetition. We shall

* *The American Commonwealth*. By James Bryce, Author of "Holy Roman Empire"; M.P. for Aberdeen. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

have to cite examples later on; but it may be noted that when, as is often the case, Mr. Bryce has to say the same thing about four or five American institutions, he says it all over again at equal length. This may serve to enforce his moral, but it unquestionably tends to swell the book to an inordinate size.

This is the greater pity because it has obviously caused the book to grow upon Mr. Bryce's hands to a bulk which has become inconvenient to himself. It has forced him to omit all treatment of American history, though "it is eminently rich in political instruction." For this he apologizes to American readers in a manner likely to please them. He credits them with knowing "the history of their country better than the English know that of England," and possibly he is right—there being so very much less to know. But Mr. Bryce is writing, we presume, for his own countrymen, and for them it would have been well to sacrifice something for the sake of dwelling a little at least on the great constitutional conflict which, to speak frankly, but with rigid accuracy, alone raised the internal politics of America much above the intellectual level of the proceedings of a vestry. The absence of the check which an historical introduction would have supplied has permitted Mr. Bryce to fall into the use of lax and question-begging phrases. Take, for example, the opening sentences of Chapter iv.:—"The acceptance of the Constitution of 1789 made the American people a nation. It turned what had been a League of States into a Federal State, by giving it a national Government with a direct authority over all citizens." Now if Mr. Bryce means that the acceptance of the Constitution made the American people a nation in the sense in which the French were a nation, he is taking a great deal for granted. A century of union, of foreign immigration which has swamped the inhabitants of the original States, and a great war, have now made them a nation in that sense; but in 1789 there was certainly not unanimity in agreeing that the acceptance of the Constitution had done so. Again, the want of historic treatment is felt when Mr. Bryce merely records the fact that the American Constitution has been blamed for "not expressly negating the right of a State to withdraw from the Union." For the guidance of his countrymen, whom he believes to know "scarcely anything" of American history, Mr. Bryce should have added that a sillier criticism was never passed on any public document. Had any such clause been inserted in the American Constitution, it would certainly not have been ratified by all, perhaps not by most, of the States. The English reader who finds hypotheses of this sort stated without corrective is not unlikely to go away confirmed in his vague belief that the American Constitution was a thing of the same nature as the hundreds of others turned out since '89 in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Spanish America, a brand-new table of laws spun out of some dreamer's head. Mr. Bryce knows, and says with force, chapter and verse in hand, that this is not the case. He is perfectly well aware that the American Constitution is a standing illustration of Joseph de Maistre's apparently paradoxical, but profoundly true, assertion that nothing has ever succeeded in politics which was deliberately designed for a given purpose. It grew as completely as the English monarchy did. Nothing in it has succeeded which was not inherited, had not grown, and been tested in Colonial days, was not a development of some part of English constitutional practice or English law. That small part of it which was consciously new—for instance, the machinery for the election of the President—has not worked at all, or has worked in a way never designed by its framers. All this Mr. Bryce knows, and says; but why did he miss the opportunity of enforcing it by historical examples, for the sake of inserting matter which, though interesting in its way, is not either constitutional or political criticism?

Of the "magnitude of the subject which" Mr. Bryce is "trying to compress into three volumes" there can be no doubt. It is the whole polity, administration, legal system, finance, and more besides, of a large people. We cannot profess to deal with the whole subject now, and shall return to it again. The Federal Government is so peculiar a development, its relations to the States which originally created it, and have now become parts of what was once only their agent for definite purposes, the duties of the Courts, and their influence on the Constitution, are matters of too much importance to be dismissed in a final paragraph. What Mr. Bryce has to say about them must be attended to on another occasion. As a preliminary, however, there is something to be said about the author's view of the subject, which, as he unequivocally shows, he considers of great magnitude. We are not sure that we quite understand Mr. Bryce's point of view. At times it seems sufficiently orthodox, according to the old-fashioned Radical creed. Mr. Bryce can speak almost with awe of the "mighty democracy," and yet at times there is a ring of irony in his words which, whether conscious or not, is very perceptible. Take, for instance, this meditation in the House of Representatives:—

This huge grey hall, filled with perpetual clamour; this multitude of keen and eager faces; this ceaseless coming and going of many feet; this irreverent public, watching from the galleries and forcing its way on to the floor—all speak to the beholder's mind of the mighty democracy, destined in another century to form one-half of civilized mankind, whose affairs are here debated. If the men are not great, the interests and issues are vast and fateful. Here, as so often in America, one thinks rather of the future than of the present. Of what tremendous struggles may not this hall become the theatre in ages yet far distant, when the Parliaments of Europe have shrunk to insignificance?

The "irreverent" spectators, and that bitter little touch about the future, come in well here; for the 202 pages which precede

our quotation are filled with reasons why the spectator in the House of Representatives should be void of reverence. We do not think it would be possible to find an instance in which a friendly commentator on a conspicuous polity has had to use such terms as preference for mediocrity, low standard of manners, indifference to dignity, insignificance, and so forth, so frequently as Mr. Bryce. He is apparently very conscious of the vast importance of America; and, though he does not argue for a side, is a firm believer in the virtues of democracy. Yet he has to write a long book to tell us such truths about it as these—that, after a century of effort under the most favourable circumstances, it has achieved a government in which mediocrity is preferred, in which personal interests are of immense importance, in which the general vulgarity and rudeness of the scramble shuts out men who possess ability and some regard for their dignity. Democracy, says Mr. Bryce, over and over again, does not want its President, Senators, and Representatives to be men of brains or endowed with manners. It hates all kinds of superiority, and the superiority of knowledge as badly as the others. It looks upon a seat in either House as a good thing, which ought to go round—round the parish pump. We are not prophets, and shall not endeavour to say what may one day be heard in that "huge grey hall," but if presumption of time future ought indeed to be based on experience of time past, it will never be aught but an ever more level, dead level, of mediocrity. Whether all this is calculated to please the Americans we do not know, but it is the political instruction which America has inspired Mr. Bryce to give us.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MR. POSTGATE'S *New Latin Primer* would have been more eagerly welcomed by schoolmasters a year or so ago than at the present moment, when the field has just been worthily occupied by the *Revised Primer*. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Mr. Postgate's work is thoroughly sound and scholarly; but in general arrangement, and occasionally in matters of detail, it leaves something to be desired. Nothing in the old *Public Schools Latin Primer* was more generally condemned by teachers than the practice of putting into an appendix irregularities and other matter not quite elementary which would be more conveniently given—in distinctive type, if necessary—in its natural context. Yet Mr. Postgate and his colleague have repeated this blunder. There is a supplementary chapter on the declensions (pp. 120-130) which only differs from Appendix I. of the old *Primer* in being more distinctly printed, and in some respects less complete. We miss one or two irregular nouns of pretty frequent occurrence, such as *bos*. It would be rash, especially as the aid of an index is denied us, to assert that this noun is not hidden away in some hole or corner; we can only say that we have searched for it in every likely place and found it not. The elementary accident is, however, for the most part well put and clearly printed. In the third declension we should have liked to see rather more examples declined in full; and, above all, a proper classification of nouns according to their stems. All that has been done is to separate neuter from masculine and feminine nouns—an arrangement which is logically indefensible, and, what is worse, practically useless. Under the heading *Adverbs* we come upon what seems to us to be in a school grammar a quite useless piece of classification—the division of adverbs according to meaning into modal, local, and temporal. In an elementary work on any subject no rule should be given, no distinction drawn, unless it is either needed to guard against confusion or valuable as an aid to memory. A proper classification of nouns according to their stems is a great help to intelligent boys in understanding the varieties of inflexion in nouns of the third declension. But no boy is likely to write *quomodo* for "when" or "*ubi*" for "how," except through mere carelessness, and in this case he would not

* *The New Latin Primer*. Edited by J. P. Postgate, M.A., Litt.D., Fellow and Classical Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge; with the co-operation of C. A. Vince, M.A., Head-Master of Mill Hill Grammar School, late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: Cassell & Co. 1888.

Euripidis Hecleide. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

Stories from Aulus Gellius; being Selections and Adaptations from the Noctes Attice. Edited, with Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, for the use of Lower Forms, by the Rev. G. H. Nall, Assistant-Master at Westminster School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

An Easy Abridgment of Cæsar's De Bello Civili. By H. Awdry, M.A., Assistant-Master at Wellington College. With Maps and Plans. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

Latin Exercises in the Oratio Obliqua. By the Rev. J. H. Raven, M.A., Head-Master of the Fauconberg School, Beccles, Suffolk. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown. Translated, with Notes, &c., by Charles Rann Kennedy. With a Biographical Introduction. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

Virgil—(i.) *The Bucolics*. (ii.) *Georgics, Books I. & II.* (iii.) *Georgics, Books III. & IV.* (iv.) *Æneid, Books I. & II.* With English Notes and Arguments, abridged from Professor Conington's edition, under his immediate superintendence, by the late Rev. J. G. Sheppard, D.C.L., Head-Master of the Grammar School, Kidderminster. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1888.

P. Ovidii Nasonis Fastorum—(i.) *Books I. & II.* (ii.) *Books III. & IV.* With English Notes, by F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. Third edition, revised. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1888.

be saved by finding the one word labelled "modal," the other "temporal."

The syntax, like the accidence, is divided into two parts—elementary and supplementary. The former, with one or two exceptions, is well expressed and arranged. It is surely a mistake in an elementary work to give the rule for the ablative of agent with *a* or *ab* in smaller type than the rest, as if it were insignificant; the reason of course is that this construction is dependent on a wider use of the ablative; but this is a case where strict logic should yield to practical utility. In this part of the book the helpless learner will be constantly met by references to paragraphs in the "Supplementary Syntax" rendered necessary by the awkward division of the subject which has been, as it seems to us, so unwisely adopted. Perhaps the most distinctive feature of the book is the prominence given to the pronunciation of Latin. Mr. Postgate is well known to be one of the chief supporters of the system of pronunciation advocated by the Cambridge Philological Society, and here he gives us a chapter (p. 112) on the subject, in which our old friends *ink-horn* and *tap-house* are conspicuous. But Mr. Postgate tempers what he holds to be strict justice with mercy, and, pitying the strained palate and distorted lips of the struggling learner, tells him that, if he cannot rise to this counsel of perfection, he may just drop his "h's." But no sooner are the flagging spirits of Jones, minor, restored by this timely concession than he turns over the page, to find a string of examples of correct pronunciation likely to strike terror into the stoutest-hearted "full-back" that ever faced a charge at football. Here are a few specimens taken almost at random from the list:—

exercitū	tūo	prōic(e)	ōryzam.
eks-er-kīt-ōō-ee	tōō-o	pro-yik	orūdzāhm.
Bacchi	thyrsūs.		
Bahk-k'hee	t'hūr-sōōs.		

"As explained above," calmly adds Mr. Postgate, as one who states a self-evident proposition, "Latin words are generally spelled as they are pronounced." We, on the other hand, hold that, if Mr. Postgate's views are right, Latin is a striking example of Mark Twain's rule that "foreigners always spell better than they pronounce." The book is tolerably well printed, though some of the small type is set painfully close. The binding and stitching seem rather feeble. Those who are called upon to choose a Latin grammar may fairly complain of the bewildering similarity of names which begins to prevail. The *Revised Latin Primer* was all very well, succeeding as it did the old *Public Schools' Latin Primer*; but the *New Latin Primer* is a close—we had almost said unfairly close—imitation of a title already taken, and some innocent persons may very possibly buy the work under the delusion that it is the book lately published with the authority of many of the head-masters.

Mr. Jerram's edition of the *Heracleidae* seems to be intended mainly for the upper forms of public schools, and is admirably suited to its purpose. The notes are without exception short and to the point, they give little or no needless help, and yet forms and phrases peculiar to Attic tragedy are so carefully pointed out that a boy whose introduction to Euripides had been delayed until he was fairly master of ordinary Greek prose would find here all the assistance he needed. The *Heracleidae* is an easy play, and affords no great scope for the higher qualities of the commentator, but in dealing with the few real difficulties which occur, as, for instance, the phrase *φθινὸς αἰψά* (l. 779), Mr. Jerram seems to us to be always judicious. It is a good feature of the book that a note on the metre of each choral ode follows an analysis of its subject-matter; this almost atones for the absence of a complete scheme of the choral metres at the end of the book, which might, however, with advantage be added for convenience of reference. There is an index to the notes which is accurate so far as we have tested it, and a short critical appendix, while the chief variants and emendations are placed at the foot of each page of the text. In a short introduction Mr. Jerram gives the history of the play and an analysis of the plot, and does his best, as in duty bound, to persuade his readers that the tragedy is a drama of thrilling interest; but few modern readers can bring themselves to see in it much more than a sort of political pamphlet, whose interest is mainly historical. The self-sacrifice of Macaria fails to move because she is so obviously introduced merely for the purpose of devoting her life to the cause of her family; we know nothing about her previous history, and care little for her fate. We strongly believe that only the masterpieces of Greek tragedy should be set before boys, unless we would have them acquire a distaste for the whole subject; but, if any teacher chooses to run the risk of presenting the *Heracleidae* to his pupils, he cannot do better than use Mr. Jerram's edition, which adds to its other merits that of being delightfully well printed.

Mr. Nall has compiled a pleasant and useful little selection of stories from the *Noctes*, the only drawback to the text of his book being that it begins with some short passages, most of which are quite uninteresting to boys. Why not have started at once with the tale of Bucephalus, which comes sixth? It is quite as easy as those which precede it, and has the advantage of being likely to fix the attention of small readers. There are some suitable English-Latin exercises on the text, but the rest of the book is worse than nought. The main purpose, we take it, of "cooked" selections for juvenile consumption is to provide a sound Latin text with which small boys can wrestle *martē suo*;

but Mr. Nall has added to his thirty pages of text about forty of notes, some of which are quite needless; while others, such as one, a page and a half long, on the gerundive construction (p. 46), one on the declension of *nemo* (p. 48), one on *cum* (p. 39), seem designed to supersede the use of the Latin grammar. The text is preceded by an introduction of the type with which reviewers of school classics are by this time tolerably familiar—that is to say, somewhat priggish in tone, and ludicrously unsuited to the small boys for whom it is nominally intended.

Mr. Awdry's abridgment of the *De Bello Civili* is a more satisfactory piece of work. It fulfils the two main conditions of success in a book of this sort; that is, it is easy enough for boys who are not yet up to the task of reading the full text of Caesar; and, as Mr. Awdry seems to have taken no liberties with the text, except in the way of omission, the Latin is good. Such a reading-book is, beyond doubt, useful for boys at a certain stage of advancement, as it enables them not merely to prepare for each lesson a piece of Latin of respectable length, but also to get on fast enough to take an interest in the story which they are reading. Mr. Awdry has shown wisdom in choosing the Civil rather than the Gallic War for his experiment, as it is seldom read in schools, whereas every boy gets his full share of the Gallic War during some three years of his school life. The introduction gives a good account of the Roman army in Caesar's time, a list of Roman magistrates, augurs, and so forth, and a short life of Caesar, which, though it keeps pretty closely to bare facts, yet shows that the editor possesses the important qualification of thorough sympathy with his author. The notes are short, but sufficient, both in points of interpretation and of history, and there are some good maps and plans.

Mr. Raven has compiled a useful little volume on the *Oratio Obliqua*. A few rules and explanations are followed by progressive exercises, and an appendix contains specimens from classical authors, with English versions on the page opposite to each. After some good preliminary exercises we have a set of passages in *oratio recta* to be rewritten in *obliqua*, which are followed by materials for practice in the converse operation. We should be inclined to transpose these two exercises, on the ground of their relative difficulty; but this is a thing which any teacher can do for himself. Then there are English-Latin exercises of various kinds, and by the time a boy has worked through the book, which is by no means a long one, he ought to have a very good idea how to tackle all the niceties of reported speech, question, and command in Latin.

Mr. C. R. Kennedy's translation of Demosthenes is well known as one of the ornaments of Bohn's series. The *De Corona* is now for the first time published alone in a neat and portable little volume.

Messrs. Bell & Sons' books, which close our list, are all either reprints or new editions. Dr. Sheppard's abridgment of Conington's Virgil is too well known to need criticism, but this is, we fancy, the first time that it has been divided into handy little volumes containing a book or two each, an arrangement which no doubt makes the work more available for school use. We hear a good deal about "rings" and "corners" just now; it would be well if classical commentators would combine to make a Virgil ring and pledge themselves to publish no new school editions of him for about ten years, with power to prolong the period if desirable.

Mr. Paley's notes on the *Fasti* have reached a third edition. They are decidedly good, especially from the point of view of the student of mythology and early custom. The fault of the work as a schoolbook is that the commentary is rather over the heads of boys in the middle forms of public schools, and this is the stage at which boys read most Ovid. For such learners Mr. Hallam's edition is decidedly better than this one, but more advanced students of Ovid will get much that is good and useful from Mr. Paley.

SOME JAPANESE STORIES.*

THE Kobunsha, or Diffusion of Literature Society, as a Tokyo printing and publishing firm somewhat magniloquently calls itself, has earned the gratitude of English-speaking little folks in providing them with such daintily got-up volumes as these, as quaint with their crape paper and odd illustrations as the most ardent lover of the grotesque and curious in the book-making craft can desire. Whether the stories themselves—wrongly called Fairy Tales; there are no fairies in Japan, or indeed anywhere out of Europe—are quite worthy of the dress they are presented in may, perhaps, be doubted. Like other Far-Eastern peoples, and, though it may run counter to the popular notion to say so, in a much greater measure than the Chinese, the Japanese are exceedingly matter-of-fact in their manner of relating their myths and traditions. The reason, in part, is that these in large measure have not grown, so to speak, in the land, but have been adopted bodily from Chinese and Indian written sources; the fantastic framework has been more or less retained, especially in Buddhist stories, but has received only a scanty native vesture. But a more powerful cause is the singular lack of imaginative power characteristic of the Japanese mind. One result of this defect is that not a trace of the exercise of that

* *Japanese Fairy Tales Illustrated*. Printed by the Kobunsha Tokyo. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

faculty of personification which enabled the Greeks to give their mythology much of its enduring charm and interest is to be detected either in the literature or in the folklore of Japan. The commonest metaphors implying a transfer to things of human qualities are impossible in Japanese, and such expressions as "gay flowers," "smiling meads," "babbling brooks," and the like, sound as absolute nonsense to a Japanese ear.

Japanese stories, therefore, as told by the Japanese, are not usually very attractive or interesting, save so far as they illustrate Japanese modes of life and thought. The authors of the stories before us, which are addressed to readers who cannot be expected to know much about Japan, hardly appear to have paid sufficient attention to this aspect of the matter. Their versions are pretty enough, but are somewhat trivial, both in substance and manner, even for children. They have not made the best of the materials at their disposal. It would have been legitimate, it was even necessary "padding," to weave in with the incidents of the stories such slight references to scenery and properties as would have given them local colour and added some tinge of life and reality to recitals that are intrinsically a little wanting in these qualities. However, if not as good in all respects as they might have been, they are good positively, and, even independently of dress and illustrations, may be confidently recommended to the readers for whom they are destined.

One of the best of the tales is that of the old man who made the dead trees blossom, of which, if our memory is not at fault, we have seen the prototype in some Indian collection, perhaps in Captain Temple's. The old man has a pet dog, who, by scratching a certain spot, leads to the discovery of a treasure. An envious neighbour who has witnessed the old man's luck steals the dog, and makes the animal scratch for his own behoof. But he only finds a mass of filth, and, in revenge, kills the dog and buries the body. A huge pine-tree grows from the grave, and the kind old man cuts it down and makes a mortar of the trunk. Whenever he used the mortar for pounding grain the grain overflowed without end. The neighbour borrows the mortar, but for him it produces only cracked and worm-eaten barley. In a rage he burns the mortar, with the ashes of which the original owner is able to make dead trees bloom, and thus earns the favour of the prince. The envious old man tries to do the same; but the dust flies in the eyes of the prince, whose retainers beat the envious man so unmercifully that he dies. In "The Matsuyama Mirror" the purity and filial love of a young girl are prettily portrayed in the happy illusion which makes her regard her own image in a mirror as the approving countenance of her mother, to whom the mirror had been presented long before by the girl's father. "The White Hare of Inaba" is a tale of requited kindness. Eighty-one brothers set out to marry a princess, the eighty-first and youngest being made to carry the baggage. On the way the eighty who are ahead find a white hare, bare of his fur, and almost dead with cold. They give him bad advice, which makes matters worse. Then comes by the eighty-first, to whom the hare relates how, wanting to cross from an island to the mainland, by a clever device he got a number of crocodiles to make a bridge across with their backs, but unluckily jeered them as he landed, and was seized by the last crocodile and stripped of his fur. The eighty-first brother tells him how to recover his fur, and is promised the princess as a reward for his kindness. The promise is accomplished, but how we are not told, and the story ends with disagreeable abruptness, as if the narrator's stock of invention had suddenly come to an end—too often the case with Japanese stories, just as it is with Japanese melodies, which seem never to attain completeness, but to stop, as it were, midway.

The illustrations are very good, but are too Europeanized. What they gain in correctness they lose in spirit. The artist merely imitates his foregoers; the peculiar directness and force that, with all its want of science, gives such a marked character and unique value to old Japanese sketches is absent; nevertheless they are highly interesting as exemplifying a stage in the transition of Japanese art from what it was to what it will be—perchance something better than (but we doubt it), at all events, something altogether different from, the work of Hokusai and his compere.

COOKERY BOOKS.*

ALTHOUGH "Exul's" fanciful and (with one rather grave fault, to be mentioned presently) wholly recommendable little volume is not a cookery book, one of its chief peculiarities

* *Twilight and Candle Shades.* By "Exul." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management. New edition. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1888.

Mrs. A. B. Marshall's Cookery Book. London: Marshall. 1888.

The Wife's Help to Indian Cookery. By W. H. Dawe. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

Dressed Vegetables à la Mode. By Mrs. de Salis. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Invalid Cookery—The Nurse's Companion. By Mary Davies. London: Virtue & Co. 1888.

Methods of Cooking Poultry. By Aunt Chloe. London: Virtue & Co. 1888.

Cassell's Shilling Cookery. London: Cassell & Co. 1888.

Bread and Biscuit Baking. By R. Wells. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1888.

ranks it fairly with our present subject. The author has had the ingenious notion of alternating his poems, original and translated, with pages of menus, actual, possible, and mystical. The verses have no inconsiderable merit, showing almost always a touch of scholarship, not seldom a touch of whimsical fancy, and sometimes a touch of something not unlike real poetry. If one or two pieces of very crude and wholly impertinent agnosticism had been omitted the whole would have been very much improved. The menus, luckily, do not give opportunity for any similar mistake in art and taste. The opening one, "Le lait. Les Tops-et-Bottoms. Sucre de pommes en branches," appeals to the earliest, the most innocent, we can hardly say the best, tastes in this line. The last, "Water gruel," is terrible in its warning simplicity. Sad as the colour and sweet as the taste of marrow-bones themselves is the reminder of the days that are no more in the following manly bill of fare:—"Oxtail soup. Fillets of sole, shrimp sauce. Mutton cutlets à la Maintenon. Roast pheasant. Apple tart. Marrow-bones," with the note awakening many memories, "at the sign of the Mitre, Oxon." Here, again, is a thoroughly good dinner in a different style of simplicity, though we own that we do not think 1880 Montrachet is fit to drink yet:—"Huitres d'Ostende [with the wine just mentioned]. Poulet sauté à la Chasseur (Richebourg 1869). Cardons au Jus, à la Moelle (Château Yquem vin de tête 1864). Camembert (Xérès Amontillado [?])." The wines, by the way, at the Mitre banquet are not given: our own recollection of them, as recorded in the bills of that establishment, is something like this:—"Chablis, sherry, sauterne, hock, champagne, port, madeira, claret, burgundy, and breakages, xl. xs. xd." There are menus of all countries and of many times. Altogether, the book, but for the one fault noted, is a pleasant one for those who combine, as all really good people do combine, a devotion to *Wein, Weib, Gesang*, and "provant." As it is scarcely fair not to give a sample of "Exul's" poetry, as well as of his provisions, here is a *rondel*, not perhaps perfect, but very fair indeed:—

Shall I try? is it wise?
I am tempted to do it.
Just a kiss by surprise,
In what light would she view it?

If her temper should rise,
I should certainly rue it.
Shall I try? Is it wise?
I am tempted to do it.

Ah! those mischievous eyes!
One would think that they knew it,
All my doubt—now she sighs,
Little rogue! I see through it!
Shall I try? Is it wise?
I am tempted to do it!

Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management, originally written nearly thirty years ago, has already undergone one overhauling—just twenty years since. This new edition, however, appears to have been reconstructed *de fond en comble*, and the increase in usefulness is apparent in many ways. That the actual bulk of the book has been largely increased is perhaps a dubious benefit; for there was a good deal of miscellaneous information, casual erudition, and talkee-talkee generally which might have been simply excised. We could ourselves have surrendered the numerous illustrations of patty pans plain and green peas coloured, without a pang; together with a great deal of vague and useless attempts to define prices—an impossible thing, even for the moment, considering market variations; and, when a book is meant to be a standard for years, more impossible than ever. Possibly, however, these things may bring mysterious comfort to certain souls; at any rate, the new edition has advantages quite independent of them. Several new typographical devices have been adopted for making the receipts more distinctly intelligible; the print and page have acquired a greater clearness of general aspect; numerous changes of fashion (which in respect to this particular subject have been, unlike changes in fashion generally, almost all for the better) are recognized, and a very large number of new receipts has been incorporated. The whole will make at least as good a single manual for persons who fear too many cookery books no less than too many cooks as any other, perhaps better than any other for the not very learned or knowing; and it can challenge a place in addition even to the numerous special manuals which have recently come to swell the shelf of cookery books.

Mrs. Agnes Marshall is well known as a practical cook and instructress in cookery, and the book, a solid octavo of nearly five hundred pages, in which she has written down her practice and her instructions, is perhaps the most complete combination of modernity and practicality which has been recently issued to represent what may be called the new school of English cookery—that is to say, the school which has taken hints from the different Continental schools, but has not exactly followed any one of these. The chief drawback of the book is the, to some persons, rather worrying ubiquity of the advertising element. Still, it is no doubt useful to know where you can get this and that skewer, this and that dried or bottled preparation. Yet another exception (to which we give neither adherence nor protest) may be taken to the effect that the receipts sin a little by over-elaboration—that is to say, that directions are given for sending them up in the tricked and frounced style of the confectioner and the very "professed" cook, rather than in that other style, perfectly finished as to flavour and neatness, but eschewing mere ornament, which is perhaps the best English style in this as in other matters. It is, perhaps, almost a sufficient rejoinder to both these objections that

you need not attend to the advertisements or have the extra "prettifying" of dishes attended to unless you like, and then there is hardly any fault left to be found, the receipts themselves being exceptionally good, new, and varied, while they are also (and chiefly) distinguished by the thoroughly practical character to be found only perhaps in the work of one who is both a practitioner and a teacher. The fault of the mere practitioner in such books usually is, that he or she is wont to underrate the difficulties of learners; the fault of the mere teacher, that he or she is wont to think too much of mere exposition.

An Indian cookery book is always a pleasant change after English treatises, and Mr. Dawe's *Wife's Help* gives all the more amusing general reading, that it is a kind of Indian Mrs. Beeton, with an account book (at which Mrs. Beeton does not aim) added as well. The only drawback to the book is its adoption of that most absurd craze, the modern official Frenchified transliteration of names. "Karhi," "Pulao," and "Khichri" are evil substitutes for curry, pillaw, and kedgerree, to any one who has a sense of literary fitness and continuity. But this curse is not limited to cookery books, while in cookery books it is, to a certain extent, neutralized by the absorbing interest of the subject to the well-regulated mind. A cookery book is always charming; but when you are told to "take for every seer of fish six chittacks of ghee, and add eight chillies and a pinch of methie and kala-zira," the interest of the *Arabian Nights* is added to that of Carême. Nor let it be supposed that Mr. Dawe commits the very common fault of rejoicing to speak in an unknown tongue. Not only are his glossaries and his lists of terms frequent, full, and well arranged, but (an excellent thing) he repeats the English equivalent of all but the most commonly occurring Indian terms on each occasion of its occurrence, so that the most English runner may read between the lines of, say, "a chingri karhi with khira or kaddu." A large number of the dishes here given, and not merely the karhis (if we are to call them so) and the kedgerrees (for khichri we utterly decline to call them), could be concocted in England. Let us add—for, though it is but a mechanical merit, it is no small one—that the book is garnished with divers blank pages at intervals for notes. We have always ourselves thought that all the better class of cookery books should be published interleaved, and this is an approach to that ideal.

Mrs. de Salis is loth to depart with her series of small departmental cookery books "à la mode," and there is no particular reason why she should. Small volumes or volumes in parts have for such practical uses as cookery books are meant to be put to several advantages over large, the only countervailing drawback being that they are more apt to get mislaid. The present volume, on Vegetables, is as welcome as its forerunners, indeed perhaps more so, as it was more wanted, the excellent gifts of the kitchen garden having been, for the most part, treated with far too barbaric simplicity by the British cook. Not that vegetables à l'eau are not good, but that the more elaborate accommodation of them is good too. There are many good receipts for dealing with artichokes (real artichokes, not Jerusalem, though these latter are not forgotten), and demand will perhaps induce the British gardener to multiply and cheapen these desirable vegetables. At present they are quite unnecessarily dear; for, though our winters sometimes take liberties with them, and though, when planted from suckers, they are sometimes capricious, they are quite easy to raise from seed. But broad beans should have had more attention. Again, though onions are well dealt with, neither chicory nor celeriac appears, and leeks are not so much as mentioned. Now there is no more vulgar prejudice than the average English prejudice against Fluellen's favourite plant, which, when properly cooked, is as delicate as the mildest Spanish onion, and has far more character.

One of Miss Mary Davies's excellent little pair of volumes, *The Nurse's Companion*, only touches the fringe of our subject proper, the other is all our own. Although small and very cheap, it is one of the best and completest invalid cookeries (cookery, alas! has too often the phonetic Indian meaning of the word to an invalid, and finishes him off instead of helping him) that we have seen. Sometimes, of course, one may disagree with a detail. For instance, equal parts of milk and water for a zootje would surely substitute a disagreeable opacity for the beautiful clearness which is the charm of the dish. But this is a small matter.

"Aunt Chloe's" little book on poultry-cooking is a very fair example of that specialization in cookery books which we have already noticed—perhaps it is most noticeable as giving divers ways of dealing with that useful fowl whom the unjust man in the story called "uncomfortable." Roast goose and baked goose almost exhaust the ordinary British cook's notion of dealing with the Roman bird, but a fair variety will be found here. We do not greatly take to a device for a kind of goose toad-in-the-hole. But "goose à l'Arlésienne" looks as if (for a very strong man in very rude health) it might, washed down with a bottle of red hermitage, be an heroic feast; and "goose in jelly" reads desirably enough. The varieties of chicken-cooking, though numerous, are so generally known that it is difficult to invent a new one. "Aunt Chloe's" collection is fair, but we miss some things in it; for instance, the excellent "Poulet à la Vérez," a variety (Spanish, we think) of pillaw.

A very few words will suffice for *Cassell's Shilling Cookery*, which is a full, good, and useful selection of ordinary receipts. It is probably the most complete book to be had for the money confined to cookery proper, and not bolstered out with miscellaneous and generally useless information.

Mr. Wells's book is intended for the trade—the trade of confectioners—but the ordinary cook who has ability may get a large number of useful wrinkles out of it, not merely for the baking of bread, biscuits, and cakes of all sorts, but for the preparation of "drops," lozenges, preserved fruits, and suchlike sugared plates. Probably the results, in private hands, would not be as neatly turned out or as pretty to look at as those of the shops; but the consumers would at least know what was in them, to the considerable benefit in not a few instances of their poor insides.

FOLKLORE, BRAZILIAN AND INDIAN.*

THE Folklore of Brazil is very little known to European students, except in the *Amazonian Tortoise Myths* of Mr. Hartt and the *Contes Indiens de Brésil* of Couto de Magalhães. The more gratitude is, therefore, due to M. de Santa Anna Nery for his handy little volume, an excellent introduction to the subject. Brazil has already many students of her very mixed popular traditions, and a collection of *Märchen* made by M. Sylvio Romero has been published at Lisbon, with notes by M. Theophilo Braga (*Contos Populares do Brasil*. Lisbon. 1883). This work we have not had the luck to meet with, but the volume of M. Nery gives a very clear view of the traditional elements in the country which he has studied.

The population consists of Portuguese, negroes, Indians, and, naturally, of half-breeds. As to the Portuguese folklore in Brazil we need say little. It is of the usual character, and has no doubt been spread, to some extent, among Indians and Africans, and has been affected by contact with their ideas. The tale on p. 226, the tale of the gold-producing ass, the magical stick, and so forth, is an old favourite of our nurseries. Where the appearance of a story in a strange land can be so readily explained by mere transportation it is useless to waste time over it. The Brazilian version of *Little Billee*, too (p. 10), comes direct from Europe, though how old it may be in its French form (it is said to have a Lithuanian variant) we cannot pretend to guess. Mr. Thackeray's version was a mere "adaptation." The negro folklore, that of the now emancipated slaves, has necessarily been touched by Christian influences. There is one peculiar religious rite. On St. John's Eve the negroes make a hollow figure of a bull, into which one of them creeps, and dances a bull dance, singing:—

Vois le bœuf, vois le bœuf,
Mon bœuf vaillant!

M. Nery says "the blacks have a kind of reminiscence of the Bull Apis." In the chant of the women of Elis, Dionysus was hymned as "goodly Bull, goodly Bull" (Plutarch, *Qu. Gr.* 36). But these things may be mere coincidences, and it is possible that the negro rite is only a piece of fun, without any memory of bull-worship. Turning to the Indians, we find some real myths; the myth of the Origin of Night, for example, which has been compared to the Melanesian version. Night belongs to a serpent, is bottled in a gourd (what is inside an empty gourd but night?), and is let out, like the winds out of the bag of Æolus. M. Nery gives an impressive Indian incantation to make one person in love with another. Similar examples will be found in Mr. Ralston's *Songs of the Russian People*. The Christian element comes in:—

Wind that blowest across this world of Christ,
If thou shouldst meet such an one, strike three blows on her heart,
And bid her think of none but me, and bid her haste to greet me.
Wind, bring me her body and her soul, let her sleep not ere she see me,
As the Virgin slept not ere she saw her Son on his Seat of Judgment.
Maiden, thou comest, thou goest, and after me art weeping.
Heart! I break thee! Blood! I drink thee! Thought! I seize and make thee mine!
If thou art with another lover thou shalt be his detestation.
He shall be to thee as dust is, I to thee shall be a diamond.
Fair as sunlight, fair as starlight, fair as moonlight shall I be.
Wind, if this my prayer be granted, turn and bring my love back with thee!

This prayer is repeated while a magical ceremony is being performed. On the whole, so many Christian expressions have found their way even into the magic of the Indians, that one must look on all their folk-lore as tinged by that of Europe. Their Yara, a kind of river siren, may be original; something of the same sort haunts woods and waters elsewhere; and M. Nery tells a tale of a young Portuguese who met the fate of Hylas. But there is another and natural explanation of what befel him. We cannot feel certain that the widely-distributed story of the Deluge is indigenous, though it certainly has a number of local peculiarities.

M. Nery's *Contes* are chiefly of the "Uncle Remus" kind; the Tortoise or Jaboty takes the part of Brer Rabbit. The Tar Baby tale is found here; and, as Mr. Jacobson remarked lately, it is also found in the Buddhist scriptures. A negro version from Barbadoes has lately been published. If we suppose that the narrative is originally African, how did the Buddhists get it? How has the Tortoise on the Amazon ousted Brer Rabbit? Was the Tortoise an Indian beast-herd? and did he fall heir to the Rabbit's adventures? A satisfactory answer seems to be as unattainable as ever. Perhaps the Tortoise and Vulture story (which

* *Folklore Brésilien*. By F. J. de Santa Anna Nery. Paris: Perrin. 1888.

Indian Fairy Tales. By Mark Thornhill. London: Hatchards. 1888.

has a reference to the Virgin *may* have been adapted from Æsop or a popular version of Æsop. "The Tortoise and the Forbidden Fruit" can only have the most slender connexion, if it has any at all, with Genesis. The Tortoise riding the Lizard is a Brer Rabbit story, with the heroes altered. In "The Tortoise and the Tapir" Mr. Hartt sees a sun and moon myth! "The Monkey and the Mandoline" is perfectly familiar in France and Germany, but so it also is in Zululand and India, always with different heroes. The adventure in Zulu belongs to the Infant Phenomenon, the Hermes of their mythology. In India a rat, in France a village idiot, is the hero. In addition to the stories M. Nery has collected the music of the people. A misprint may be noted—*χῶρος* is put for *κῶρος*—and we do not know that the sound of this mystic instrument was, in Greece, meant to keep women at a distance, as M. Nery asserts, though it was used in the Mysteries.

The student of stories will be less interested, perhaps, than children will be in Mr. Thornhill's charming *Indian Fairy Tales*. These are as good stories for a nursery audience as we have seen for many a day, rich in adventure and surprise and capitably told. Indeed, we greatly prefer them to the modern style of novel; they have the attraction of the *Arabian Nights*. The Folklorist will naturally buy a copy for himself, in addition to the copies which he will find at once economic and satisfactory Christmas presents for little boys and girls. But Indian folk-tales are too cultivated and literary to tell him much. Here he meets his old friends, the Bird-Bride, the Serpent King, the Magical Fakir, the floating golden hair (as in the ancient Egyptian *Märchen*), the wicked enchantress, the helpful animals, and the rest. But several of these are apparently derived from the *Arabian Nights*. Conscious literary work has been bestowed on them, somewhere and somehow, before they reached this perfection. But even here are details of magic, ceremonies, and pickings for the barbarous Folklorist who likes his tales in the rough. The fancy of the Princess who was weighed against the garland is new to us, and looks as if it had been a trifle Bowdlerized (p. 124). "The Grasscutter's Son" is a delightful tiny romance, and, as we have said, the book should be a great popular favourite. Miss Scannell's pictures might have been better engraved, or rather processed. It is very discouraging to an artist, this blurred kind of processing. Probably it is cheap, and the book has no other drawback.

NOVELS.*

TO have regenerated a nation's literature, to have begun, maintained, and extended a new development of national sentiment, is no small title to fame abroad and to grateful memory at home. Hendrik Conscience, though of Flemish descent only on his mother's side, lived in and for things Flemish only. Born in the terrible winter of Napoleon's Russian campaign, he grew up with the patriotic efforts of the Belgians for liberty and independence, and, frail, sensitive boy as he was, left his position as schoolmaster in Antwerp at the first rumour of war in 1830. That pitiful campaign over, when the ill-equipped, ill-armed, ill-officered Belgians were only saved from utter destruction at the hands of the Dutch by the intervention of the European Powers, Conscience remained in the army till 1836. But his was not the brilliant career of a soldier-poet like Körner. The weakly, tearful child was the ideally unfit creature for soldiering. His own account in the *Souvenirs de Jeunesse* of the drastic treatment which made a man of him reads like the story of a new Oliver Twist suffering at the hands of a blustering military Bumble who feigned brutality, all for his good. His later persecutions led in the end to a signal triumph, as sudden in its effect as the stroke of a magician's wand, and Conscience gained the unusual position of a prophet honoured in his own country. *The Happiness of Being Rich* is not one of Conscience's most ambitious efforts. It is a moral tale in a Flemish setting, and neither very successful as a moral tale nor very typical of Flemish life. A poor but merry chimney sweep discovers a great treasure, and straightway loses his mirth in the perpetual fear of robbers and the annoyance caused by the ridiculous ambitions and heartless conduct of his wife. All manner of troubles ensue, until the poor man is quite delighted to find himself really robbed of his oppressive wealth. The story suffers from a certain sense of exaggeration and monotony, unrelieved by humour; a quality conspicuous by its absence from such allegories as *Le Pélerin*, or historical romances such as the *Guet Apens* or the *Lion de Flandre*. It is true that, as Conscience prided himself, these works were not calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of youth; but they are full of needless descriptions and catalogues, long speeches of forced sentiment, watered by copious tears—dull, in short, and unnatural, utterly unlike the novels of Scott, to whom Flemish admirers compare him. For the rest, *The Happiness of Being*

Rich is respectably translated, very unlike the prefatory "Life of Conscience," which is a slovenly and penny-a-lining piece of work.

The Young Seigneur is another story with a Purpose—a Purpose so high that it should be spelt with a capital. Mr. Wilfrid Châteaulair maps out a future for the Canadian nation in the aspirations of a young Anglo-French seigneur. From the heights of the ideal he calls upon Ontarian and Quebecker to learn something of each other, and to unite in the pursuit of moral and social perfection, until, starting from the Ideal Physical Man and the Ideal Character, they realize the national work of Canada, the perfect nation under a perfect government. This scheme is unfolded in the story of a visit paid by an Ontarian M.P. to the Quebecker, Haviland. The interest lies in the sketches of French-Canadian life, the feudal loyalty and simple piety of the peasants, leavened, in Haviland's model village, by ideas of progress. The original, untutored aims of the peasantry are delightfully absurd. Canada is the only province where Frenchmen have multiplied; let them—now nearly two million strong—by sheer dint of reproduction, oust the Englishman from Canada, and even the American from New England. Mr. Châteaulair achieves neither good English nor a good style. He appears to have written in French and translated literally. The platitudes on which his hero sustains his inspiration are surely the real cause of his untimely death. Finally, it is rather too much to arrogate to Canada all political and social virtue as its *raison d'être*, leaving to "local Britain" "the needs of an island population," and to local Europe half a dozen other such "local needs."

The story of *Bairnie* is so badly put together, the characters are so unreal and shadowy, the dialogue so crude and amateurish, that one is surprised, on looking back to the title-page, to find that Miss Lobenhoffer has published two books previous to this one. She must therefore have had a certain amount of experience in writing; and, this being the case, *Bairnie* ought to be a great deal better than it is; it ought, at any rate, to be free from the faults to which an altogether unpractised beginner is liable. Of plot *Bairnie* contains a very small modicum. Some of the incidents are well described; occasionally there is a fairly good character sketch—e.g. Bairnie's aunt, Mrs. Archibald, and little Doctor Denby and his sister. But the story does not cohere; it has no centre; the author is wanting in a sense of proportion. Subordinate characters and minor incidents which have nothing to do with the essential development of the plot are described in wearisome detail, and the book teems with marvellous coincidences, most of which are not even required by the exigencies of the story. Miss Lobenhoffer, as a rule, writes simply and clearly; but she should be on her guard against a temptation which occasionally besets her to indulge in laboured witticisms and fine writing. Such a flight as the following is only allowed to extreme youth:—

Rich and rank they grew, and tossed their sweet sick perfume on the air with wanton waste . . . the birds sang as if they . . . had not a minute to spare, and the west wind murmured a glad accompaniment (earing little if any one heard it or not) as it ran its careless fingers over the harpstrings of the group of fine old pines on the hill.

Would You Have Left Her? is a pretentious enough example of the weary analytic style applied to a threadbare and conventional theme, unnatural in conception, and inartistic in execution. One had fondly hoped that the novel of the *désœuvré* Upper Ten had died out; but its funeral baked meats seem to be coldly—very coldly—furnishing forth the intellectual feast of the wedding of an irresponsible plutocracy with democratic life. Mr. Kip tells of a generous-minded man who refuses to propose to the girl he loves, and who, he can see, loves him, because his cynical friend has for some time resolved to make her his own. After going to great lengths in a moonlight "canoe-ride," the hero leaves his love abruptly. "Would you have left her?" asks Mr. Kip. "Certainly not" is the answer of any one gifted with a grain of sense. The agony is afterwards piled up by Trueman Agnew repeating the process after a sickness through which he is nursed by his beloved and her friend, who, in their turn, repeat the fantastic situation, the noble girl throwing herself away on a man she justly dislikes and distrusts for the sake of a frivolous flirt. But our Trueman remains faithful to his old flame; resolves to become her knight when he finds her husband neglects her; and is only saved from a very ridiculous position by the opportune death of his cynical friend in a yachting accident. The next day, with indecent haste, he consoles the widow.

We hope that all the children of the present generation love Mrs. Ewing's delightful stories as they deserve to be loved; but, overwhelmed as they are with the highly-seasoned trash which is poured forth in such floods every Christmas, we fear that their taste in story-books is in a fair way to become ruined. One of the great charms of Mrs. Ewing's writing, setting aside that wonderful combination of humour and pathos which is perhaps the greatest of all, is that her characters are so wonderfully real and living. We have all met the pasty-faced "Johnson Minor," the boy who invents marvellous stories, and tells them with heavy unmoved face to his admiring companions; we have come across every member of the "Very Ill-tempered Family," from Aunt Isobel down to sturdy Bobby; we have known and loved "Madam Liberality." They are sometimes so life-like as to be almost startling. Mrs. Ewing never draws a direct moral; but what lessons of fortitude, uprightness, and unselfishness may a child learn from her pages! It is good for all of us, grown-ups as well as children, to feel that thrill at the heart which the

* *The Happiness of Being Rich*. By Hendrik Conscience. London: John Hodges. 1888.

The Young Seigneur. By Wilfrid Châteaulair. Montreal: Drysdale & Co. 1888.

Bairnie. By Lillias Lobenhoffer. London: Digby & Long.

Would You Have Left Her? By William F. Kip. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

A Great Emergency; and other Tales. By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Second edition. London: George Bell & Sons.

account of a noble deed nobly done causes. Mrs. Ewing has the power of thrilling us in this way, whether she tells of heroic actions on the battle-field or of equally heroic conquest over self in some little matter of everyday life.

ST. TERESA.*

EVEN apart from all religious considerations, the life of Teresa de Cepeda would have been well worth recording; for she was a woman of no ordinary powers, and successfully carried out an undertaking of great importance and difficulty. The regeneration of Roman Catholicism which marked the latter part of the sixteenth century was at once manifested and promoted by a reform of conventual discipline. Orders which had received dispensations from the early severity of their rules failed to satisfy men and women filled with a new religious fervour. Nor did the mitigated convents inspire enthusiasm out of doors. If the Church was to regain its hold upon society by exhibiting patterns of the loftiest saintliness, it was needful that the monastic life should be restored to its old type. Reformers were not wanting; and in these volumes the Rev. H. J. Coleridge (S. J.) has given a minute account of how one of the most famous of them, St. Teresa, the reformer of the Carmelites in Spain, accomplished her task. Were it not for the peculiar character of his subject, we should say that his book was too long and too full of petty details; but, as every particular in the life of a saint has, of course, a religious value, a work of this sort is not to be judged exactly as though it were an ordinary biography. And, in spite of their length, Mr. Coleridge's volumes are pleasant reading; they are well arranged, and are written with good taste. Several of the Saint's letters are given in full, and the rest are all noticed, and used in the narrative. Excellent tables are given of the contents of the chapters, but they do not make up for the lack of an index, and it was really sinful to publish a book of this length without one. St. Teresa, a member of a noble family of no great wealth, was born at Avila, in Castile, in 1515, and entered the Carmelite convent of the Incarnation there when she was nineteen. She suffered much from ill health, and appears to have been subject to an aggravated form of hysteria. We will not, however, attempt to decide on the connexion between her physical condition and her spiritual experiences. Once she remained apparently lifeless for four days, during which she saw visions, and, after a partial recovery, became paralysed, until she was restored by the intervention of St. Joseph. One of her contributions to the life of the Church was the special devotion to the Saint who had thus favoured her.

Another practice which she earnestly recommended was mental prayer, which in her own case was a "kind of interior recollection, without much effort of the understanding to produce reflection and consideration, and (sic) in which the soul occupies itself in loving." While in this state, and indeed at other times, she had frequent visions of Divine Persons, and she received, so it is believed, the "wonderful grace of transverberation," her heart being pierced with a lance, a miracle which her biographer compares with the reception of the *stigmata* by St. Catherine of Siena. It is not wonderful that a woman of St. Teresa's fervency of soul grew dissatisfied with the mitigated rule of her Order, especially as she lived at a time famous for the foundation of new religious bodies—of the Society of Jesus, the Theatines, the Barnabites, and many others. Her projects of reform, which seem to have taken shape when she was about forty-five, brought her a good deal of trouble, for the nuns of her convent naturally thought that her scheme reflected on them. It was not the first time that she had encountered opposition, for her visions had for a long period been held to be delusions of Satan, and she had suffered, what she held to be the heaviest of all trials, the contradiction of the righteous. She had passed through that trial victoriously, and now, strengthened by the encouragement which she received from St. Peter of Alcantara, the reformer of the Franciscans, set herself to overcome the opposition to her proposed work. The first convent of the Reform was established at Avila; it had no endowment, and this was at first a principle with St. Teresa, though she afterwards saw reason to allow a departure from her original intention. Absolute poverty, however, was always observed by each individual sister. Unlike the sisters of the Incarnation, who seem to have gone about pretty much as they pleased, St. Teresa's nuns were strictly enclosed, and visits even from their nearest relatives were discouraged; they went barefoot, wearing a sandal only, and practised many austerities. After spending five quiet years in her new convent, St. Teresa was enabled to extend her Reform. In almost every case when a new congregation was started she and her nuns had to encounter privation and difficulty; and, as these trials were generally of much the same character, we confess that we have found the details of them somewhat wearisome reading. Gradually more serious troubles arose. The Princess of Eboli, the widow of Ruy Gomez, Minister to Philip II., had at first helped forward the reform; but she quarrelled with St. Teresa, and spitefully placed the book which the saint had written about her own life, and which contained the account of her revelations, in the hands of the Inquisition. This, however, turned to St. Teresa's honour. At another time

the officers of the Inquisition made a descent upon her convent in Seville, where the nuns were falsely charged with grave misconduct. At the root of all her heaviest troubles lay the jealousy with which the "Mitigation" regarded the Reform. Although the King and the Nuncio Ormaneto favoured her work, she was perpetually embarrassed by the fact that, while she was founding new convents to be ruled on her own system, she was herself merely a member of the unreformed Convent of the Incarnation.

After a while the Carmelite Order had fair grounds for opposing the Reform. In accordance with the permission of the General, Rossi, St. Teresa founded certain monasteries of Discalced, or reformed, Friars, a step which was "to a great extent necessary if the foundation of the convents for nuns were to be secured." These friars proceeded in a high-handed manner, and appear to have unquestionably put themselves in the wrong by pushing the Reform in the province of Andalusia, whereas the permissions granted to St. Teresa were limited to Castile. The Saint herself committed an irregularity of the same kind through, we are told, a confusion between the civil and ecclesiastical boundaries of Castile. Unfortunately, also, about this time she became acquainted with Fra Gratian, the Superior in Andalusia, a man of great sweetness of temper but of little tact or prudence, and the influence which he acquired over her led her to take other measures displeasing to the Carmelite General. A decree of reclusion was pronounced against her by the Chapter of the Order, and the General directed that the most distinguished of the Discalced Friars should be appointed to offices in the unreformed monasteries, under the plea that "their example and influence would be both a stimulus and a help to the others." It is probable that he really intended the destruction of the Reform. Mgr. Segá, the successor of the Nuncio Ormaneto, was strongly opposed to the movement, and when the Friars in despair imprudently attempted to form themselves into a separate province, treated them with great harshness, and declared the subjection of the Reform to the Mitigated Friars. This blow nearly crushed St. Teresa. Nevertheless, she went on with her work; the King interfered in her behalf; and at length, in 1580, her labours were rewarded by Letters Apostolic from Gregory XIII., declaring the monasteries and convents of the Discalced a new province, separate for ever from the provinces of the Observants of the Mitigated Rule. Two years later St. Teresa died at Alba de Tormes, where, after having been transferred to Avila and brought back again by command of Sixtus V., her body now lies; her heart, however, is "still to be seen at Avila, with an opening on each side, the rims of which are half-burnt." Her letters are sprightly and pleasant—the letters of a clever and refined woman as well as of a saint. Although in their English dress they lose something of their dignified courtesy, they nevertheless, present a vivid picture of the writer's character. She was a wise and courageous woman, always hopeful under difficulties, and with a singular power of adapting the means at her disposal to the attainment of her end. While insisting on the necessity of self-mortification and detachment from the world, she saw, more clearly perhaps than some other monastic reformers, that they were to be valued, not so much for their own sakes as for the spiritual effects which they were intended to produce, and she would not allow the infliction of any unusual mortifications such as would be more likely to injure than to elevate the spirit. A striking proof of her conciliatory temper is given in the account of her dealings with the nuns of her old convent at Avila, where, as much against her own will as against theirs, she was forced to hold the office of prioress for three years, during eighteen months of which her special work was suspended. The nuns were at first very angry at her appointment, and raised something like a riot—there were eighty of them in all—on the day of her installation, but she gradually won them over by gentleness, and was able to effect some much-needed reforms in the house. In the management of her own convents she was careful for the happiness of the sisters. Believing that religion flourished most among small communities, she wished her convents to consist of not more than twelve or fourteen members, though she afterwards saw fit to allow some larger houses. The smallness of her convents was, she considered, a good reason for being extremely particular as to the kind of persons she admitted; she would have no one whose presence was likely to be disagreeable to the rest. Some aristocratic feelings seem to have clung to her; the sisters of the Reform generally appear to have been ladies of good family, and she was careful not to "tarnish a house" by accepting unsuitable candidates. One lady was refused because she had a squint, for St. Teresa declared that her infirmity would be a continual source of mortification to the other sisters. In spite, however, of her thoughtfulness for the feelings of her nuns, her last days were made sorrowful by the ingratitude and rebellion of some of those to whom she had shown special tenderness. When her strength was failing, she was forced to leave two of her convents in succession, because her presence was unwelcome. Whether the conduct of these nuns is in any degree to be attributed to St. Teresa's system of government is not discussed here. It seems probable that the Superiors of convents found the authority which she exercised during her visits very hard to bear. This would not, however, excuse the baseness with which she was treated. Mr. Coleridge nowhere conceals the fact that retirement from the world does not by any means imply freedom from selfishness and jealousy.

* *The Life and Letters of St. Teresa.* By Henry James Coleridge, of the Society of Jesus. 3 vols. London: Burns & Oates. 1881-1888.

THREE "EDITIONS DE LUXE."*

AMONG the numerous more or less delightful volumes with which, at this season, charitable publishers strive to mitigate the discomforts of damp and fog, we have selected three, widely different in character, yet each specially worthy of our commendation—a folio of Rajon's Etchings; a memorial volume of the late Samuel Palmer; and a superb edition, which claims to be the one hundredth, of Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*.

A sad interest attaches to the first book upon our list. A few short months only have elapsed since Paul Rajon, at a too early age, for he was barely forty-five, was taken away, laying down his needle while in the very zenith of his powers. It is fitting that this reprint of twelve of his etchings contributed to the *Portfolio* should be prefaced by a touching and appreciative memoir by one who had the happiness to call himself his friend, and who can write of him as one "whose coming was eagerly welcomed by that large circle of students who prized the man even more than they admired the artist."

Born at Dijon, employed at fourteen years of age by his brother-in-law, a photographer at Metz, to "touch up" portraits and other plates; devoting his evenings to his easel, at first under the tuition of an old and almost unknown artist named Hussinot, and then in the school of design at the Ecole Municipale; at twenty-one years in a garret in Paris, still touching up photographs or drawing cartoons for the stained-glass-maker, or taking portraits in sanguine or pencil of friends as impecunious as himself, Rajon's early life was apparently one of frequent privation and unending labour, but always cheered by the hope that he would some day as a painter in oil win profit and renown. It was not until late in the year 1865 that, under the influence of two newly-formed acquaintances, Gaucherel and Leopold Flameng, the latter so well known to us by his admirable transcripts of the works of Rembrandt, he was induced to try his powers as an etcher, his first work being a copy in black and white of Gérôme's famous picture, "Rembrandt dans son Atelier," exhibited in the Salon of 1868, and published by Goupil & Co. From that moment success was assured, and, though for some time he remained in Gérôme's studio endeavouring to perfect himself as a painter, he became soon aware that it was as an etcher that he would command success; and of the long list of his finer works given by Mr. Stephens, and of the numerous others of lesser note, it would be difficult to point to any one in which genius is not apparent, or which is unworthy of his hand. In fact, as a master of his art he fully merited the warm eulogiums passed upon him by Mr. Hamerton, and repeated by Mr. Stephens, who directs especial attention to the success with which Rajon translated into etching not only the action and expression of the picture he was dealing with, but even the characteristic touches of the painter.

We have already described the second volume upon our list as "a memorial" volume, as such it has a peculiar interest. Samuel Palmer's position as an artist has not, we think, been sufficiently appreciated, and yet few artists have evinced higher imaginative power:—

Born [as his son writes in the preface] with an aptitude for poetic and romantic impressions almost abnormal, he was encouraged in this aptitude by almost every circumstance. His acquaintance with Blake at a most impressionable age gave it a powerful impulse, and there then followed about seven years' seclusion in a Kentish valley, cut off by miles of lovely scenery from the distracting influence of tumultuous London. In this valley literature and art and ancient music wiled away the hours, literature and art in keeping with the music and in keeping with the supremely poetic sentiment (as it seemed to him) of the surrounding country.

His was the true temperament to appreciate the writings, especially the lovely "minor poems" of Milton, and, with his life-history and its influences before us, it seems but natural that he should heartily devote himself to the production of a series of designs to illustrate the poet he loved so well. How the ideas formed themselves into shape, and how the result has been preserved to us, is told us in the preface, and we may congratulate Mr. Palmer on this graceful "tribute to his father's memory, which he would fain persuade himself to hope has been done as he himself would have had it done."

But the book which claims our best attention is the third upon our list, Mr. Marston's edition of *The Compleat Angler*. It is a royal 4to. in two handsomely bound volumes, perfect in uncut leaves, in type, and margin, with fifty-four full-page photogravure illustrations, with maps of the rivers Lea and Dove and Wye and Derwent, and with a hundred or more charming little woodcuts on India paper, interspersed within the text. This text is that of the last edition, the Fifth, published in Walton's lifetime, but the first in which the "Second Part," by Charles Cotton, appeared. It is, we need hardly say, a correct and accurate reprint of the two parts, and the value of the work is materially increased by the biographies of Walton and of Cotton, by notes on Walton's other literary labours, and by a reprint of the *Chronicles of the Compleat Angler*, from the pen of the late Mr.

Westwood, the only edition of which has been for some time out of print.

Probably few readers of *The Compleat Angler* are aware that no fewer than five editions of this immortal work were published during Walton's lifetime. The First, a small 8vo., appeared in 1653. Its title, *The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation*, is engraved on scroll, with dolphins and fish pendent on either side. This edition is excessively rare, but a good idea of its character and appearance may be gained from Mr. Stock's fac-simile reprint of 1876. The earliest impressions of the First edition are distinguishable by certain misprints, which in later impressions were corrected—as, for instance, *field for fields*, p. 68, line four from the top, &c. Of course, in the estimation of a bibliophile, these earlier copies are doubly precious. Mr. Stock's reprint, though a lovely little book, seems unfortunately to have suffered unwisely correction in its passage through the press; there are, we are told, occasional emendations in the spelling, which, as Mr. Marston suggests, can hardly be due to the "process" adopted for reproduction; but the original errors in pagination are retained, and the second part of the music of the angler's song at the close of Chap. XI. is printed correctly—that is, upside down. This 1653 edition was advertised in the *Mercurius Politicus* as "a Book of 18d. price"; a clean and perfect copy in the original binding before the corrections would probably in the sale-room command nearly 100*l*. The Second edition of 1655 was all but re-written; the interlocutors now are three—Piscator, Venator, and Auceps; in the First they were Piscator and Viator; and, as honest Izaak himself adds, in his "Address to the Reader," "in this second impression there are many enlargements, gathered both by my own observation and the communication of my friends." Bibliographers aver that this edition is still rarer than the First, but it does not, of course, command the same price. The Third edition appeared in 1661; shortly after its publication it was transferred from Marriot to Gape, whose address is given as "near the Inner Temple Gate in Fleet Street," and the date is altered to 1664. The Fourth edition of 1668 is a mere reprint, with corrections. It was followed eight years later—1676—by the Fifth edition, again from Marriot's hands. The scroll on the title-page has been re-worked (we are quoting from Mr. Marston's book), "the First Part" is engraved underneath it, and a notice that it is "the Fifth edition, much corrected and enlarged." After which comes the collective title, "The Universal Angler, made so by Three Books of Fishing," the others being a "Second Part," by Charles Cotton, entitled "The Compleat Angler. Being Instructions how to Angle for a TROUT or GRAYLING in a Clear Stream. Part II.," with the interlaced cypher of Walton and Cotton engraved below; and the Third Part, a treatise by Colonel Robert Venables, which has, however, in later editions, been excluded, and is not reprinted in this edition by Mr. Marston. "Seven years later the old man laid down his pen, as he had already laid aside his rod, for ever; and, full of years and of such honours as befitted his meekness and his piety, was gathered to his rest."

The volumes before us, the hundredth edition, like all other editions since Walton's days, contains, therefore, only the First and Second Parts, and we had almost said they are without a fault; but we must correct ourselves—they have a fault, a grievous one, which alas! cannot be amended; there are thousands upon thousands of anglers to whom the possession of such sumptuous volumes would be a lifelong joy; but for most of them the work is too costly, and the edition is limited! Let us hope that the copies will fall into such hands only as Izaak Walton would have himself approved. They are "a dish of meat too good for any but Anglers or Honest men," and we can only hope that those who are fortunate enough to place these volumes upon their shelves "will prove both."

IN THE LAND OF MARVELS.*

VERNALEKEN'S *Tales from Austria and Bohemia* have the advantage, in this edition, of a pleasant preface by Mr. E. Johnson, and of some engravings not without fancy. Thus equipped, in a pretty cloth cover, they may very probably please children, but we cannot regard them as good examples of *Märchen*. Now and then they have almost a literary touch; more often they read like the stories which are told each other by children who have read many fairy tales. They are much too prodigal in portentous interest, and "fail to win æsthetic credence." A *conte* is not expected to be other than *difficile à croire*, as Perrault says of *Peau d'Ane*; but many of these Austrian stories are more than difficult; they are impossible. They contain the usual strange incidents; but, by some turn of the kaleidoscope, the incidents fall into confused, crowded, and inartistic arrangements. A few are as mixed as an Eskimo *Märchen* at its worst; we follow the hero sadly, without interest; he has far too many adventures, and not of the right sort. Why this should be we know not; but long experience in reading nursery tales brings an instinct with it for what is good. Few of these tales are good, they are to a really fine *conte* what a bad shilling dreadful is to *Treasure Island*. They are bad artistically; why they are bad it would be hard to discover. The narrators appear to have lost the good

* Twelve Etchings by Paul Rajon, contributed to the "Portfolio." With a Brief Memoir and Notes by F. G. Stephens. London: Seeley & Co. 1889.

The Shorter Poems of John Milton, with Twelve Illustrations by Samuel Palmer, Painter and Etcher. London: Seeley & Co. 1889.

The Lea and Dove Edition, being the 100th Edition of the *Compleat Angler*, or the *Contemplative Man's Recreation*. Edited and arranged by R. B. Marston. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

* In the Land of Marvels: Tales from Austria and Bohemia. By Theodor Vernaleken. With Preface by E. Johnson, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

tradition, good in German or Swahili, Zulu or Eskimo, Gaelic or Romaic. They have lost it and put in ideas of their own, and the result is neither useful to the student nor so interesting to children as the *Tales from the Norse*, or Grimm.

One or two examples may be given. The very first story has the "East of the Sun" opening, the man with three sons, and an often-robbed apple-tree. But the usual Bird-women do not appear here. The robber (a dwarf) vanishes without interest, the hero loses his magic fiddle and dies of grief. It is confused, aimless, and sad—great faults in a *Märchen*, or in any other narrative. "Winterkolble" and "Kruzelmügeli" are of the "Rumpelstiltskin" or "Whuppity-stoory" sort; but they take the fun out of this fine formula and merely sketch the plot—with a difference, the Whuppity-stoory being male. The "Black-bird" is a dull form of the "Swan-brothers," the "Seven Ravens" another with the entertainment somehow left out. "The Three Wondrous Fishes" reads like a perplexed memory of the "Genie and the Fisherman" in the *Arabian Nights*. "The Marvellous White Horse" is full of elements of various *Märchen*, but it is almost a fortuitous congeries of story-atoms. "The Wishing Rag" is a degenerate form of a *Märchen* of Grimm's, wherein is a gold-producing ass. Here he is a goat. The visits to Hades are numerous, and there is just one truly awful touch of fancy, too awful for children we think, in "The Judas She Devil." On the whole, as a story, "Stupid Peter" is perhaps the best in the volume. The Devil seems rather a favourite character in the tales of Austria and Bohemia.

The book has some useful notes in folklore, but we are not reconciled to a kind of wantonness in the tales, a confused misuse of good material. Have the narrators bad memories, and have they too much education, tempting them to invent when they forget, and not to invent well? These are questions on which Mr. Johnson's preface throws no light, but we think they will be asked even by the lay reader who comes to these narratives after a course of Grimm, or Campbell, or Deulin, or the *Tales from the Norse*, or even of Cosquin. There is a needless prodigality of marvels, and a lack of human character and sympathy. The good-natured audience of the nursery will be pleased. But even the folklorist will admit that Mme. d'Aulnoy tells a better story; while, as for Perrault, the comparison is too cruel. The preface is opposed to the ideas of Kuhn, Schwartz, Cox, and so forth, Mr. Johnson remarking that "the interpretations of the so-called Nature-mythologists are based upon a radical mistake, and present in the result a simple inversion of the truth." Here we entirely agree with Mr. Johnson; not that there are no Nature-myths, but that they do not occur, or but seldom and then doubtfully, in *contes populaires*. As Mr. Johnson says:—"When the nature and value of the products of human phantasy . . . are better understood, mythologic science will return from her long aberrations and take a truer direction." But in these tales it is human phantasy that loses herself, too frequently, in a fog, and brings back *miracula* by no means *speciosa*.

NOVELS.*

IF in their talk they ever descend to slang, the army "coaches" will unhesitatingly denounce this book of Mr. Davidson's as "awful crams about crammers." Presumably we may accept it as veracious, as partly founded on fact—not as a caricature—in which case it certainly appeals to trainers of the British youth militant rather than to the general public. Reading it, one is first bewildered, then bored. There are too many attempts to mystify and to excite interest; we are confused by little plots and counterplots, by a fine collection of broken links. To quote the author's own words, "there is the mystery of the two wives, of the omission of Nellie's name from the family register, of Arnold's disappearance, of Mr. Valentine Gaunt's influence, of the French Examination Papers, of the wig shop, of the Clerical Directory, of the 'Old Adam,' and several others of less importance." Like Sterne, the moral investigator of the story, we are unable to see a connexion between some of them. The "Old Adam" is a picture, a portrait—hung with its face to the wall—of a deceitful doctor, who takes in army pupils, and is most unfortunate in the choice of his tutors. Valentine Gaunt, the villain of the book, stands out well as a crafty charlatan. He is the best drawn character, and might well have lent his name to the novel, for it is he who claims most of our attention. Leonard Sterne, the Doctor's staunch friend and ally, the unraveller of mysteries, is more moral, but less interesting. The little Frenchman, M. Dubarri, who teaches elocution and increases his income by selling the advance sheets of the French examination papers, also diverts us at first, before his antics become tedious. But the double pair of lovers—the Arnold and the Hebe, the Philip and the Nellie—are harmless dummies that wholly fail to amuse. In fact, we prefer Silverspoon, an absolutely stupid pupil who "went

in for frightful spasms of English literature," or even Plantagenet, his brilliant companion, who, in an examination paper, translates "graves preoccupations" by "preoccupied graves," though these young gentlemen do little to deepen the interest of the story. Mr. Davidson writes easily, not with distinction, not with particular grace or strength, but easily, glibly; and in conceiving a plot he exhibits ingenuity of the sort that true novelists possess. But in weaving, in his labour at the loom, he must not show us such a confusing number of broken threads; he must keep before him that wise phrase of Bacon's:—"To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter is wearisome."

There is great merit in brevity; and we thank *The Albino* much for being brief. All his sorrows and his joys are shut close between two vermilion covers. This "personal narrative" is in twelve chapters, and it deals with the troubles of "a human curiosity—one altogether outside the lists of manly beauty." He manages, however, to win "a queen amongst women," although other members of her sex are not equally gracious in their advances. In fact, one unfriendly frump, when she beholds his colourless face and bleached hair, "puckers up her gawling mouth into an ineffable sniff of disdain." Other dames are bitter yet; and one "ancient, angular maiden lady" at a garden-party surveys the Albino through her *pince-nez*, and remarks, "Dear me! I've often seen a blackamoor, but never till now a white-amoor! What a strange fellow! He looks like an animated ghost or a walking dish of skim-milk!" And yet such satire does not annihilate him. By means of pills "containing a distillation made from the hair of living animals" he becomes a changed man. Like Dr. Jekyll, he is always looking in the glass until he finds that he possesses "a head of ample chestnut curls, shapely eyebrows and lashes, fine brown eyes, and a healthy complexion." The lady of his choice falls into a madman's hands, and her rescue and restoration lead us up to the climax of this astonishing book—astonishing because it has actually found a publisher.

Miss Shipton could hardly fail to write anything that had not refinement and a certain grace. In this last tale of hers she pleases by such qualities, though it does not convince us that her insight into human nature is very keen. There is something flaccid, anemic about the people of her drama, and the hero, or—perhaps we had better say—the leading man in it is a very tame sort of creature at best, who attempts a fraud, but has not the pluck to carry it through to the end. It is in his breakdown as a humbug that the author wants us to be interested, and for this collapse to give him much sympathy and compassion. But we simply cannot do it. Maurice Caryl is the friend and companion of a young man of property, named Maurice Claughton. Travelling in Egypt together, Claughton dies, and Caryl, who wants his name and place in the world, resolves to come back to England and personate him. Circumstances help him to play the impostor for awhile; but when he falls in love, the lie becomes unendurable, and he confesses. Claughton, however, had made a will, by which all his property was left to his friend. Maurice the penitent nobly declines to profit by this fortunate arrangement, and is rewarded in another fashion by winning the hand of Dagmar, his "heart's dearest," who at the right moment acquires money and lands to enhance her other charms. With Caryl Miss Shipton evidently wants us to sympathize. We confess to our total inability to do so. There is nothing strong about him, either for good or evil. Schoolboys would have called him "a regular duffer." As for Dagmar, in the first volume she is exasperating, with her perpetual snatches of song, her scraps of old English ballads that she warbles *ad nauseam* indoors and out of doors, in season and out of season. The poetry-quoting heroine of fiction is bad enough; but how shall we rightly pronounce upon the ballad-humming heroine that chirrups about "Earle Harold," "faire Ellin," "thrifless loones," and her "hounds that a'rin masterless," like an animated edition of Percy's *Reliques*? However, we are bound to admit that in the latter part of the book she is more tolerable; and there is something fresh and bright about her that inclines us to think her all too pleasant a companion for poor broken-spirited Maurice. The text of the French proverb is surely not "A force de forger on devient *forgeur*." To this we greatly prefer the rendering of the Portuguese grammarian, "To force to forge, becomes smith."

From the smart batches turned out eternally and with terrible precision by the huge mill of British fiction, the jaded novel-monger should be glad to choose anything so distinctly entertaining as *A Witch of the Hills*. Let him read it on one of these dismal winter afternoons, and thank Miss Warden, as we did, for such a light, bright, straightforward story. She handles her characters most adroitly, and Babiole ranks as the vivid type of a delightful girl. Her transformation from a wild, simple maiden into a tired, disappointed little London lady does not spoil her for us, but she keeps hold upon our sympathies until the end.

Mr. Duffield Osborne is ambitious to walk in paths which rarely lead novelists to success. The Scripture-history romance usually appeals, and often depresses. *The Spell of Ashtaroth* might do both if it were only a little longer. Its value for us lies in its shortness. We prefer the Joshua of the Bible to the Joshua as painted for us by Mr. Osborne. It would, in truth, need all the art of the author of *Zoroaster* to make such a tale as this acceptable. Fine writing, and the habitual rejection of the "u" in "honour," "colour," "labour," &c., are not sufficient to achieve this.

* *The Old Adam*. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

The Albino: a Personal Narrative. By Hartley Tamlyn. London: Roper & Drowley. 1888.

Dagmar. By Helen Shipton. London: Smith & Innes. 1888.

A Witch of the Hills. By Florence Warden. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

The Spell of Ashtaroth. By Duffield Osborne. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

PRINCE KRAFT ON ARTILLERY.*

TO the already copious list of military works which have appeared this year Major Walford has added another useful volume by publishing, in an independent form, his translation of the "Letters on Artillery" of Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen, which originally appeared among the *Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution*.

Under an assumed controversial form, these "Letters" are distinctly authoritative—as might, indeed, be expected from such a master of the art; and, under the heads of apparently discursive dissertations, they collect all the decisions afforded by hard experience as to the value of current, and in many cases rather conflicting, theories concerning the true part of artillery in war—a part which, unlike some of our authorities, the writer is justly anxious not to see minimized. The ostensible pretext for this very exhaustive study is a disquisition on what appears, at first sight, a somewhat restricted topic, the preliminary survey of which furnishes the matter of the first "letter."

"You quietly, my dear friend," begins the great artillerist, in answer to a supposititious correspondent, "put to me a very grave question when you ask me, What is the reason that our artillery, which in the campaign of 1870-71 did much excellent service, failed altogether four years before, in the war with Austria, to answer to the expectation raised by the effect it produced at Düppel, in 1864, and this although its *matériel* was, with but few exceptions, the same, and while it was under the command of the very same man?"

The historical analysis of this question so "quietly" asked, entailing as it does a technical and general retrospect of the organization and doings of the "arm" during a quarter of a century, besides many adventitious considerations, and requiring, to be productive of practical results, well-matured deductions as forecast of what will be expected of gunners in the coming war, occupies the best part of twenty-eight chapters, and requires the help of six plans of battlefields for its illustration.

If difficult to do justice to a book in a short review be really one test of its merit, this test truly applies to Prince Hohenlohe's "Letters," the more especially as their treatment of each moot point is based on an exhaustive comparison of the dissimilar circumstances under which such points arose. The technical considerations deal, together with the broad and generally accepted principles of artillery tactics, with every one of the disputed "questions of the day" in gunnery. Among the most prominent of these are the use of artillery in masses, and the theoretical necessity of withholding a reserve of guns until the approach of the "psychological" moment in action. On both these points the author, in the light of his long experience, is very emphatic. He deprecates the breaking up of whatever number of guns is available into small units, and against the dead loss of fighting power which would be entailed by the non-utilization, *from the outset*, of every piece of artillery at the commander's disposal. In these days of distant and accurate shooting there is little probability of more than one position being selected in the course of an important engagement, for the necessary adaptation to the varying conditions of the fight can be provided by suitable modification of range.

The first step taken towards the breaking of the old theory concerning the importance of a "reserve" of guns was taken when the name was changed from "Reserve" to "Corps" Artillery. "What's in a name?" With reference to military matters there is much in a name, remarks the writer somewhat caustically, which "philosophers" ignore in their apothegms, just as they conveniently ignore the existence of such things as nerves, or prejudices, or the possible psychological influence of an empty stomach. On the doing away with the name of "Reserve" Artillery, corps-commanders, no longer trammelled by the official, if not tactical, necessity of reserving a number of their guns, were enabled to bring them all from the beginning of an action into line of battle, and the result of this change became triumphantly apparent during the course of the French campaign. Prince Hohenlohe adverts repeatedly to the fundamental change in artillery tactics that this mere question of "name" brought about, and looks upon it as a sufficient explanation of the extraordinary difference noticeable in the artillery results of 1866 and 1870-71. This topic introduces a thorough discussion of a matter cognate with that most prominent "question of the day" in infantry fire tactics—namely, the advisableness of opening an action at extreme ranges, and the consequent difficulty of supplying ammunition to guns engaged throughout the day. This point the writer solves, with that uncompromising thoroughness so characteristic of the German service, by pointing out that, the only objection to early and long-range fire being increased expenditure of ammunition, an adequate supply *must* be provided, regardless of cost and losses. With reference to instruction in shooting, the author devotes a good deal of his argumentative power to point out the fallacy of a system which always provides signallers at target practice, notwithstanding that the greatest desideratum is to have gunners trained to estimate ranges by the effect of their shots.

As an introduction to his summary the writer paraphrases a well-known sentence:—"The duty of artillery is, in the first place, to *hit*; in the second place, to *hit*; in the third place, to

hit." For this purpose the main object to be kept in view is that guns must come into position in good time; and, consequently, every sacrifice which would not entail failure of ammunition must be made to ensure mobility. The paramount quality of mobility is the object of the most strenuous insistence in almost every "letter."

"With reference to your question concerning the necessity for *Horse Artillery*, I must first tell you that, before the war of 1870-71, an opinion was frequently expressed among senior officers that 'Foot Artillery' (as unmounted Field Artillery was then called) could discharge all the duties of Horse Artillery, since, owing to the axle-tree seats, it was now possible to carry all the detachments of a battery on the carriages. . . . It was considered better to give up Horse Artillery altogether and to supply its place by Field Artillery. This opinion was shared by persons who had considerable influence in high places. The experiences of the war of 1870-71 entirely silenced these suggestions. I have already told you how Von Dresky relates that on the 6th of August . . . his Horse Artillery took only three hours to reach the battlefield, which was at a distance of twenty miles, whilst his Field Brigade took an hour and a half longer, and thus arrived too late." Similar instances where Field Batteries appeared too late on the scene, and where the offensive could only be assumed successfully thanks to the Horse Artillery, occurred on many occasions, more especially at Vionville, Saint-Privat, Beaune-la-Rolande, and in several of the engagements which are usually classed together under the name of Sedan. "Indeed," the writer exclaims, when recapitulating the uncontroversial lessons of that war, "the ideal Corps Artillery would consist entirely of Horse Batteries." And further on he again returns to this point by emphatically declaring that "it is only in peace time that they may be found too many."

One of Prince Kraft's most instructive "letters," although dealing with topics of less technical and more general interest, is devoted to an historical criticism of the rise of that "Spirit of Casté," as he calls it, in the artillery, which was until the period immediately preceding the last war one of the causes which militated most against the proper utilization of the arm on the battlefield. It explains how, when the Prussian artillery, following the example set in other countries, took, towards the end of the last century, a recognized position as a regular "arm" of the service, artillery officers, who hitherto had been regarded more as a superior class of skilled artificers than as soldiers, improved upon their previous character by posing among their comrades of the other "arms" as members of a very superior and scientific branch. They seem to have been particularly jealous to maintain their traditional character as repositories of secrets and learning not intelligible to mere soldiers, and to have met, not unnaturally, with an amount of dislike highly prejudicial to the efficiency of the service at large. In the course of time this lamentable and unmitigated estrangement was mitigated and gradually almost forgotten; but until the war of 1870 there continued to be a certain line of division between the so-called "scientific" and other combatant branches of the army, which was kept up by various antiquated regulations specially affecting the former. One of these allowed artillery officers a much-abused privilege of objecting "on technical ground" to whatever orders they might receive from a superior officer of an "unscientific" arm. This was a condition of affairs which was well calculated to produce much friction, and which has now happily disappeared. But as long as it existed it certainly justified to a certain extent the jealousy, not to say open dislike, with which the artillery was looked upon by the rest of the army in Germany. This is an interesting point, for, curiously enough, the same want of sympathy has undoubtedly been on many occasions apparent in our own service, although the same good reasons do not seem to have existed. Nothing short of actual ill-will on the side of the higher authorities can explain the ruthless breaking up at times when, for reasons more or less valid, it has been considered necessary to reduce our military establishment, of that one branch of the service which can with most difficulty be expanded on an emergency, and which certainly cannot be improvised. The systematic manner in which the artillery was starved and cut down after the peace of Versailles in 1873, the dislike which the Duke of Wellington himself almost invariably showed for an artillery officer, and the perfectly scandalous state of neglect the artillery was suffered to fall into until the outbreak of the Crimean War, are well-known facts to whoever has followed the history of the "Regiment." Quite recently the breaking up, on a very specious plan, of part of the special factor of our armed strength, the Horse Artillery, which in the opinion of most experts, not only in this country but in every Continental army, could hardly be matched anywhere, is almost as unaccountable as the Iron Duke's manifest disregard of the value of the admirable force under his command. Is it possible that there can still be among our "reorganizers" a similar, though more secret, leaven of antipathy for what is, at home and abroad, looked upon as the most brilliant arm of the service?

NEW MUSIC.

FIRST in Messrs. Ascherberg & Co.'s budget of music we find one of the comic songs in *Faust Up To Date* at the Gaiety, entitled "I shall have 'em." It is impossible to criticize it seriously as music. All that is wanted in this class of

* *Letters on Artillery*. By Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe Ingelfingen. Translated by Major N. L. Walford, R.A. With Folding Plates. London: Edward Stanford. 1888.

composition is go and a simple rhythm, the principal feature being the words, which ought to be witty and brought out with distinctness. So far this so-called song comes up to all these requirements. A song called "I Remember, I Remember," by Emily Walker Hunter, is a pretty ballad, of a very simple and rather old-fashioned type. "Turn, Time, Turn," by L. Denza, has decided elements of popularity in it. It is tuneful, and has a refrain in value time at the end of each verse; but its strains are not very original—we are frequently conscious vaguely of having heard them before. "The Beauteous Land," music by A. E. Armstrong, is one of the quasi-religious songs so much in fashion now, and is neither better nor worse than a great many.

Several songs and pianoforte pieces come to us published by Mr. B. Williams. "A Crown of Glory," by Berthold Tours, is a fine song, the music of which is properly devotional in effect. "My only Love," by H. Trötter, is above the average, and not common-place. Three songs come composed by Michael Watson—"A Tar of the Queen's," "Under the Flag," and "Jack and Jill." The two former are spirited and unpretentious, with no striving at difficult effects, well suited for singing at ordinary entertainments; the latter is quaintly humorous and very taking. "Lighting the Beacon" and "The Maiden's Gift," by Wilford Morgan, are written to music of the simplest form, and, although monotonous, are rather pretty and soothing. Exactly the same may be said of "Down the Old Lane," by Kingston Lisle. Frederick Mullen's "Love the Angler" is unoriginal, but has a certain brightness about it. His Lancers, "Cinderella," are a *pot-pourri* of songs, perhaps better fitted to this than their original form. In it "Love the Angler" reappears, also "A Tar of the Queen's," which we have had occasion before to mention. Then by the same composer we have "Valkyrie," a Norwegian dance, in two forms, both as solo and duet for pianoforte. It has no special characteristic, and we should not have supposed it exclusively national to Norway; at the same time it is taking and spirited. In music the name "Valkyrie" is now so associated with Wagner's compositions that it is a pity to invite invidious comparisons by using it. "Rondo Grazioso," by W. Smallwood, is a mild, semi-classical work, well suited for practice in the school-room. The valse, "Sweet Flowers," by Laughton Field, has nothing particular to distinguish it from hundreds of others; but we dare say it is pleasant to dance to. "Golden Days," also a valse, by Leonard Gautier, is pretty and bright; but "Heather Bell," by Percy Lester, we do not care about. Oh, for the days of the Strauss family, and that gem of all vales, the one in Gounod's *Faust*! A "Bourrée," for pianoforte, by Albert H. Fox, is a charming little work, very simple, but none the worse for that. Lardelli's "Gavotte in F" is also simple and well modelled, but rather spun out. "Cinderella," an Old English dance, by L. Williams, is of the same type as the two last-mentioned works, and is pretty and effective. All three, although soaring at nothing very great, are like tiny oases in the desert to the weary critic. "L'Echo des Alpes," by Michel Bergson, is a drawing-room piece of the kind so dear to the ordinary young lady performer (more especially of twenty years ago). We need not say that the time-honoured echo effect has been introduced into it, which has been used with more or (chiefly) less success ever since Purcell first brought it into the chorus "In our deep-vaulted cell" in his *Dido and Aeneas*. "Marche des Etudiants," by Louis H. Meyer, seems to have missed its vocation, being much more suitable for a polka than a march. "Athol," a Scottish march, by Carl Mahler, is common-place, but fortunately very short, and "Lizette," a "morceau pour piano," by Giacomo Ferraris, surprises us that any one should think it worth publishing, much less playing. Altogether we begin to despair of the English public. It shows very little real taste for music that such shoals of songs and pianoforte pieces are published with neither point, good construction, nor originality.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

IX.

VICTOR HUGO'S *Notre-Dame de Paris*, translated by A. L. Alger, illustrated by Bieler, Rossi, and De Myrbach, in two volumes (Sampson Low & Co.), is by no means an irreproachable specimen of the *édition de luxe*. The illustrations, from a French edition, are of varying merit as to design, and are, with few exceptions, ill reproduced. Those in colour by M. Rossi are in several instances mere blotches, the purport of which needs microscopic study to detect. The artist was apparently uncertain whether Esmeralda or Quasimodo should be the more hideous. The gorge of the romantic reader rises at his caricatures of the charming heroine. In some designs she is a middle-aged Jewess, suffering from a horrible form of ophthalmia; in others she is merely common-place, and in none is she beautiful. The black and white drawings of M. de Myrbach are but little more gratifying in this respect, though much of his work in the second volume is decidedly clever. The text is printed in America on paper that is abominably glossy—greasy is the better word—and the worst material in the world for every form of printing. They call it "satin finish," it appears, though the term is little suggestive of the meagre substance, the slippery surface, and the irritation and disgust provoked by the attempt to cut or turn the pages. *The Ladies' Treasury*, edited by Mrs. Warren

(Bemrose & Sons), is a "household magazine" of comprehensive aims, to judge from the annual volume. It is very strong in "fashion" plates, plain and coloured—if designs so bewitching can be called plain—and in dressmaking, millinery, needlework, and cookery recipes. All of these interesting subjects are treated by competent hands, and are fully illustrated. Very entertaining, and cleverly illustrated in colour by Mr. W. J. Morgan, is Mrs. Macquoid's *Puff* (S. P. C. K.), the autobiography of an uncommonly good-looking terrier. His long silky hair, of a lovely golden yellow, white paws, creamy white chest, black eyes and nose, suggest a delightful picture, though people who didn't take to him thought he was "a funny-coloured" dog, and his silky locks dyed to the fashion of the day. However, his adventures are full of diversion, and every boy and girl who reads them will be glad to know that Mrs. Macquoid hopes to give more of her pet's experiences in the future. Among picture-books and illustrated serials for children, we have *The Sunday Friend*, edited by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, Canon of Lichfield (Mowbray & Co.); *Our Little Dots* and *The Child's Companion* (Religious Tract Society), both books suitable for small children, with capital woodcuts, and plenty of them. From Messrs. Routledge we have three sets of "short stories for little people"—*Frankie, Uncle Thomas's Valentine*, and *Pearl's Doll's House*, the titles—being pleasant and easy reading for children, enlivened with pretty illustrations, mostly of children and animals, by A. W. Cooper, Harrison Weir, M. E. Edwards, Hal Ludlow, and others. *Sparks from the Yule Log*, by W. G. Churcher (Elliot Stock), is a collection of facetious rhymes and sketches in prose, illustrated by the author, the humour of verse and prose alike being of the thinnest quality. The pictorial work is decidedly superior to the literary. A story of an experimentalist with a Safety bicycle, entitled "*It*," by Haggard Rider, instead of being the parody you expect, but don't want, is only the merest clumsy fooling. And so with the verses; they are tedious attempts at fun, and that is all.

Two Little Confederates, by Thomas Nelson Page (Fisher Unwin), is the story of the exciting times enjoyed by two boys in Virginia who are left on a plantation with their mother and a few old negro slaves during the Secession War. The two boys are admirably drawn, and the old negro Balla, whom they try to engage in their pranks, is a most amusing character. Like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, the little Confederates have their robbers' cave, and play at buccaneers with ludicrous solemnity. The episode of their setting out to hunt deserters in the swamps and woods, and arresting one of the conscript guard instead of a deserter, is, indeed, told with excellent humour, and quite in the manner of Mark Twain. Altogether, this is a delightful book. *From Keeper to Captain*, by Major-General A. W. Drayson (Routledge), is one of the author's most stirring stories of sport and adventure. The hero is a gamekeeper, and enlists in a cavalry regiment. He distinguishes himself in both capacities, especially in the war with the Caffres and as a hunter of big game in South Africa. We have received a second edition of *Oliver's Old Pictures*, by Mrs. Marshall (Nisbet); *The Mystery of Mandeville Square*, by Sir Gilbert Campbell (Ward, Lock, & Co.); *The Golden Doors*, by M. S. Haycraft, being the *Christian World Annual* (Clarke & Co.), and *Left to Our Father* (Wells Gardner & Co.).

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Marquis Costa de Beauregard's (1) account of one of his ancestors, under the title of *Un homme d'autrefois*, gained deserved popularity in France, and not in France only, some years ago. He has done very well to follow it up by again drawing (for the most part) on unpublished family documents, and giving an account, very interesting in the main, of one of the most curious and hapless figures of the century, the so-called "hero of Novara," who gained that title by losing the battle, and "founder of Italian unity," who founded it by apparently rivetting the yoke of Austria faster than ever. M. de Beauregard has not neglected published sources, but his main fount of information has been the archives of divers Savoyard families, especially his own—his great-uncle, the Chevalier Sylvain Costa, having been Charles Albert's, or rather the Prince of Carignan's, most faithful servant, in the time of his early troubles. The Marquis's fashion of writing is agreeably unlike the ordinary run of professional literary work, and we do not know that it is not better suited to dealing with so singular a character as Charles Albert's than the more artful and regular devices of the practised historian. The extraordinary variety and complexity of character—not by any means always amiable or estimable—which has made the House of Savoy one of the most interesting, as it is one of the most ancient, of the reigning families of Europe, appears in the last of the Savoy-Carignans, the first of the present branch of Savoy proper, in a very remarkable degree. This book does not deal with him as king. But it deals with his luckless, and not altogether blameless, conduct in the Revolution or *émeute* of 1821, when he was half the scapegoat and half the instrument of the good-natured imbecility of Victor Emmanuel I. and the unreasoning obstinacy of Charles Felix, and with his participation in the Angoulême expedition to Spain. The whole

(1) *La jeunesse de Charles Albert*. Par le Marquis Costa de Beauregard. Paris: Plon.

illustrates a remarkable saying of his own which M. de Beauregard quotes:—"Je ne suis sûr de moi ni en politique ni en amour." No man could pronounce a heavier doom on himself, especially when *en politique*, at all events, he had to figure in the forefront of the battle between a restoration blind to the present and a revolution blind alike to present, past, and future.

M. Zeller's erudition, and his practised skill in conveying it to others, are both beyond question, and his short History of Germany in the middle ages (2) exhibits both. We cannot help thinking, however, that it also illustrates a fault of our time, the fault of want of sense of proportion. Nearly eight hundred closely printed pages are far too much for a mere conspectus of part only of a nation's history; they are scarcely enough for a detailed and elaborate history of that part. It seems to be getting more and more the fashion to write books as if they were addressed only to persons who already knew the subject, and as if the best book were that packed fullest with fact—a fashion which, in educational work at any rate, seems a little irrational. Still, M. Zeller has gone so unusually far in the direction of expansion and of attention to detail that he has really come not very far short of an exhaustive history itself. As a handy book of reference on particular points his volume can hardly be exceeded in value.

M. Bourde's criticisms of the French navy in the *Temps* have been not unfrequently referred to in other parts of these pages, and it is very useful to have them collected in a volume (3), with some additional *pièces* and amplifications of disputed points. There is, of course, the usual amusement of finding ourselves held up as models in the very points on which we are lamenting our own deficiencies. But for the greater part of the book M. Bourde is rather occupied with the French Admiralty as an administrative department than with the French fleet as a fighting machine; and this is not the side of the matter on which English critics of the navy are most critical or most dependent.

The title of M. Gagnière's book (4) is rather of the catchpenny order, although it is so far nominally justified that part of it is devoted to the rather lax state of conventual discipline in which Felice Rasponi found herself abbess of a Ravennese convent. There is little or none of the scandal which the title promises, and by far the greater part of the book is occupied with accounts of the misdoings of Felice's male relations—a clan who, with far less magnificence and romantic interest, may vie with the earlier Malatestas for atrocity of reputation. The massacre called "of the Chamber," in which the Town Council of Ravenna was deliberately attacked and butchered by the *cagnetti*, or bravos of the Rasponi, and that of the Diedi family, are famous instances of a contempt for the elementary principles of civil order, only known in Italy and in Ireland; and M. Gagnière gives long accounts of both. But these can hardly be called "the Confessions of an Abbess," who happened to be a female member of the same house, but had nothing to do with either.

M. Déchérac's *Manuel du contribuable* (5) professes to inform that unhappy being, or the French species of him, respecting "his rights and his duties." We should say that, from the point of view of taxgatherers in most countries, the taxpayer has no rights, and his only duty is to pay up promptly whatever is demanded of him. It may be some faint comfort to English victims that Frenchmen are apparently in worse case than themselves. The Window-tax, for instance, the most vexatious and irrational of all imposts, appears to be in full force across the Channel, where also you pay for your billiard-table, private as well as public, may not cut down your own plantations without the prefect's licence, and may apparently perform hardly any operation of life for which the product of the papermaker's useful industry is required without seeing that it is *papier duly timbré*. Moreover, those who groan under the importunity of the English law in requiring two witnesses to certain instruments may be also a little consoled by hearing that, in some cases, the French law requires six. Sweet amid misfortunes are the greater misfortunes of one's neighbour.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE praise of books has inspired many pens and produced a literature of peculiar charm and significance. Sweet is the theme and fascinating the descendant, whether from scholar or bookman, from the poet who owned a library, like Southey, or the poet who, like Wordsworth, used books ill, though he sang their virtues well. Dearest of all tributes, and of highest claim to honour with English book-lovers, is that curious and eloquent tract on the love of books by the earliest of English book-collectors, the *Philobiblon* of Richard de Bury, of which we have an admirable edition and translation by Mr. Ernest C. Thomas, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. By placing this work within the reach of everybody—for it is the "general reader" for whom Mr. Thomas has laboured—the editor has earned the gratitude of all who love books and effectually re-

medied what has long been a reproach to literary enterprise. Only once before has the *Philobiblon* been printed in England, when the first English edition appeared at Oxford in 1598, two and a half centuries after it was written, and was re-issued in the following year with a fresh title-page and a dedicatory letter addressed to Thomas Bodley. The Bodleian Library possesses, Mr. Thomas believes, the only copy extant of the earlier impression. English translations seem to have been no more numerous. Only one is noticed in the bibliography of Mr. Thomas—namely, that of Mr. John Bellingham Inglis, which was published anonymously in 1832, and is characterized by the present editor as "a work of more spirit than accuracy." Abroad the *Philobiblon* was earlier printed and more frequently, though the text in every instance leaves much to desire. There are the *editio princeps*, Cologne, 1473; the Spires edition, 1483; that of Paris, 1500; Oxford, 1598 and 1599, and the annotated edition of M. Hippolyte Cocheris, issued in 1856 at Paris. In conjunction with other works the *Philobiblon* appeared also at Frankfurt in 1610 and 1614, at Leipzig in 1674, at Helmstadt in 1703, and in 1861, at Albany, U.S.A., a reprint appeared of the text of M. Cocheris with the translation of Inglis. Perhaps the early appearance of the book in Germany and France was due to the fame of the book-loving prelate among the craft having been diligently circulated by his numerous agents on the Continent. The enthusiasm and enterprise of Richard de Bury were assuredly not second to his eloquence and learning. He was a collector of the approved stamp, a lover of books without reproach, as there is abundant record to show. His titles to honour are scarcely affected by the question whether he was the author of his own book or whether we ought to accept the authority of certain MSS. that ascribe the *Philobiblon* to Robert Holkot. Mr. Maunde Thompson has indeed discovered a MS. account of Richard de Bury, written by Adam Murimuth, which Mr. Thomas rightly thinks supports the view that the *Philobiblon* was not written by the Bishop of Durham, though, as he observes, jealousy and a sarcastic temper may have inspired Murimuth in this somewhat disenchanting passage. Mr. Thomas has done his work exceedingly well. His book is presented in workmanlike method of arrangement, and is printed in excellent style. Only one slip of the types have we noted in the translation. The text has been prepared after an examination or collation of twenty-eight MSS., and it is rendered into excellent English. In his treatment of the mediæval Latin Mr. Thomas has been guided by two rules. He has regarded the *Philobiblon* as a work of literary interest, not a text for philological disquisition, and he has attempted to present the original work in a form intelligible to all who partake in the passion and interest of the theme. The biography and bibliography of his Introduction accord with an editorial plan which enlists the interest of all sorts of book-lovers. They are comprehensive within reasonable limits and amply elucidative.

Cross Lights (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is an anonymous collection of magazine articles on various literary questions, the most striking of which is a plea on behalf of discretion in the scenic presentment of Shakspeare on the stage. There is much in the paper "Shakspeare on the Stage" that proves the kinship of sound criticism and common sense. At the same time we feel that the author might have gone further in his recognition of the fact that the researches of the archaic costumier and scenic painter are frequently an offence to the imaginative playgoer. In "Wordsworth's Successor" it is amusing, though by no means convincing, to find Mr. Robert Browning presented under a very arbitrary and flickering cross-light as the inheritor and continuer of the poetic mission of the Rydal bard. A paper on the "Study of Classical Archaeology" directs attention to "the extraordinary advance in popularity" which this branch of study "has made in recent years." For evidence of this we are invited, in what might well be considered an ironical mood, to consider the "revival of the Greek drama" at the Universities—"the natural home of classical research"; in London, also, "at the height of the fashionable season"; and the various movements to promote exploration in Asia Minor, &c., "attended by men in every position in life." This, however, is not "rote sarcasm," but the sober prelude to a distressingly serious address.

Good sense and sympathy characterize Mrs. William Grey's *Last Words to Girls* (Rivingtons), a little volume of admirable precepts and wise counsel on "Life in School" and "Life after School," dedicated to the pupils of the Girls' Public Day School Company and past and present pupils of the "Maria Grey" School. There is much in *Last Words to Girls* that fully merits the additional title of "First Words to Parents." In fact, the book itself may be strongly commended to parents who are about to place girls in day schools.

Among other matters affecting education discussed in Professor Laurie's *Occasional Addresses on Educational Subjects* (Cambridge: at the University Press), the author treats of "Free Schooling." He distinguishes between the free education or "gratuitous State instruction" that would be nothing but "compulsory alms" for the benefit of a class and the free education provided by an individual endowment. Mr. Laurie advocates some "wise system of remission" in cases where the inability to pay Board School fees is proved. The difficulty, however, is to prove the inability, and how to prevent the remission of fees being, in many instances, nothing but a concession to improvident parents.

Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe (Sampson Low & Co.) is a neat little volume of snippets

(2) *Histoire résumée de l'Allemagne au moyen âge*. Par J. Zeller. Paris: Perrin.

(3) *Les abus de la marine*. Par P. Bourde. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Les confessions d'une abbess au XVI^e siècle*. Par A. Gagnière. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Manuel pratique du contribuable*. Par A. Déchérac. Paris: Ollendorff.

arranged by Abbie H. Fairfield under various headings. The result must, we imagine, be disappointing to admirers of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, who will be ill content with broken victuals when a full meal is always at hand. The system of extracting "wit and wisdom," as the phrase generally runs, from modern authors is a bad one, even in discreet hands. No one, certainly, who had not read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* would be inclined to do so from the mere study of the flowers and fruits here presented.

The reflections of a young lady on her past experiences form the subject of *Proposals; being a Maiden Meditation* (Ward & Downey). The meditation is pleasant reading, being sober and natural in tone and expression. It is not very exciting, but commendably true to life—middle-class unromantic life.

We have received new editions of *Sartor Resartus* in the "Parchment Library" of reprints (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *Charles Lamb*, by the Rev. Alfred Ainger (Macmillan & Co.); *Peggy Thornhill*, by Mary Damant (Allen & Co.); *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, edited by Edward Abbott Parry (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); and a second edition of *Thoth* (Blackwood), with a preface and appendix which show how the author of this charming romance designed and partly wrote it more than twelve years ago, and how he has improved on his original plan. Also yet another "box" edition, consisting of twelve volumes in a case (F. Warne & Co.), of Shakespeare. This last, called the "Bedford," may be much commended, especially for that its arrangers, while keeping the volumes quite of pocket size, have made them large enough to admit of clear and well-spaced print.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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 Mr. HENRY IRVING begs to announce that the LYCEUM THEATRE will OPEN on SATURDAY, 29th December, when, at a quarter to 8 o'clock, will be presented Shakespeare's Tragedy of MACBETH. Mr. Alexander; Banquo, Mr. Wenman; Duncan, Mr. Hayland; Malcolm, Mr. Webster; Donalbain, Mr. Harvey; Ross, Mr. Tyars; Lennox, Mr. L. Outram; Angus, Mr. Lacy; Monteth, Mr. Archer; Seward, Mr. Howe; Seyton, Mr. Fenton; Sergeant, Mr. A. Raynor; Doctor, Mr. Stuart; Porter, Mr. Johnson; Murderers, Mr. Black and Mr. Carter, &c. Gentlemen, Miss Coleridge; Heate, Miss Ivor; Witches, Miss Julia Seaman, Miss Deborough, and Miss Marriott, &c. The incidental music composed by Arthur Sullivan; the Scenery by Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. Barker, Mr. Hall, Mr. W. Hann, Mr. Caney, and Mr. Perkins; the Costumes designed by Mr. Charles Cattermole and Mrs. J. Conyns Carr; the Orchestra under the direction of Mr. J. M. Ball. Chorus Master, Mr. Tubb. A new Act Drop has been painted by Mr. W. Tubb. The Box Office (Mr. Joseph Hurst) open daily between the hours of 10 and 5. Seats can be booked for four weeks in advance. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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